

The Listener

Published by the British Broadcasting Corporation

Vol. XI. No. 275

Wednesday, 18 April 1934

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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From Tolpuddle to T.U.C.—I

By J. L. HAMMOND

The centenary this year of the trial of the Dorsetshire Labourers provides the occasion for a review, in eight talks and two dramatic interludes, of the history, the present position, and the future of trade-unionism, in its national and international aspects

IF you compare British history with that of the chief peoples of the Continent of Europe during the last hundred years you are struck by our relative freedom from violent disorder. In those hundred years much has happened. In 1834 there was no general system of public education; workmen had no votes for Parliament and no power in local government; food was heavily taxed; inheritance duties were very light, there was no income tax. Since then there has been a great redistribution of power and of burdens. But that great change has been made without bloodshed. We have had no violent revolutions like the revolutions that broke out on the Continent in 1848 or again after the last War. Compare our history with that of France. Mr. Simpson, the chief authority on Napoleon the Third, estimates the number of casualties in the fighting in Paris in 1851 when Napoleon the Third carried out his *coup d'état* at 1,200 and says they are not a tithe of the casualties in the fighting in Paris in 1848. France lost in the fighting over the Commune in 1871 more than half as many lives as we lost in the whole of the South African War. If you consider the social changes that have been made in the last hundred years in Great Britain and France, you will see that we have changed as much as the French. Yet we have changed without any violence on a large scale.

I want to suggest to you that our immunity from violence is largely due to the growth and success of our trade unions; to give my reasons for thinking this, and my explanation of the fact itself.

Look for one moment at the chief disturbances of the nineteenth century. I suppose that most people, if asked

to name them, would choose the Luddite riots in Yorkshire, Lancashire and Notts in 1811, 1812; the agrarian riots in the southern counties in the winter of 1830; the riots over the Reform Bill of 1832 and the descent of the Chartists on Newport in 1839. You will see then that all the chief disturbances came before trade unions were strong, but if you look at the grievances that provoked those riots you will see that they were grievances that have often pressed hard on men and women since.

Let us look at some of these disturbances; take, for example, the agrarian riots in the southern counties in the winter of 1830. The agrarian population had been passing through a time of great distress. The brunt of the long war with Napoleon had fallen on the labourers. Wages had steadily declined and a great part of the village population had been drawn into a mischievous and degrading system of poor law relief. In almost everything that matters to a man's self-respect and comfort the labourer in these villages was worse off in 1830 than his grandfather had been in 1760. A whole community had been going downhill. At last, this state of things drove even so patient a population as the population of these southern counties to revolt. A series of riots spreading from county to county surprised and alarmed the ruling class. Large mobs of men and youths used to collect. Sometimes they broke the new threshing machines which the farmers were introducing; sometimes they went to the large country houses and threatened violence; sometimes they demanded money; sometimes they demanded of landowners and parsons that they should reduce rents and tithes. These riots occurred in some thirteen counties: Berks,

Bucks, Dorset, Essex, Gloucester, Hampshire, Hunts, Kent, Norfolk, Oxford, Suffolk, Sussex, and Wilts. The Government and the magistrates were scared and they inflicted a cruel punishment when the riots were over, transporting between four and five hundred of the rioters. The counties from which most rioters were transported were Wiltshire, Hampshire and Dorset.

Now consider who these men and women were. They



Violence that England avoided, through the growth of her trade unions—barricade in a Paris street during the Commune
From 'My Adventures in the Commune', by E. A. Visetelly (Chatto and Windus)

were the victims of social and economic forces that were pressing them down further and further into distress and suffering. They were simple uneducated men and women. They had nobody to speak for them in Parliament, or before the magistrates. They had no newspapers to put their case. They lived under a bad Poor Law, administered by inefficient and ignorant persons. They knew that the conditions of their lives had become intolerable. When they asked for a living wage they were told that the farmer could not pay it because of his taxes, his rent and his tithe. They thought that if they went to the receivers of rent and tithe they could at least bring their misery to the notice of powerful persons. But when mobs of hungry and miserable men begin to wander about making demonstrations of this kind, violence and panic are not improbable consequences. In this case there was not a great deal of violence, but there was a great deal of panic. Nobody would think this the most convenient way for persons with grievances or difficulties to take in order to make their circumstances known. Yet it was the only way open to these labourers. What other outlet had they?

If you follow the history of the Luddite riots again you find the same case. Workmen saw their employment being taken away by machinery or changes of organisation or technique. Their method of resistance was the destruction of the new machinery. You remember the description by Charlotte Brontë in *Shirley* of the fighting at Rawfold's mill in Liversedge in the West Riding of Yorkshire. You had on one side workmen combining secretly to destroy machinery and on the other magistrates asking the Government to send soldiers, and employing spies to try to find out the secrets of the workmen. Sometimes these spies turned into *agents provocateurs*, as in the case of the most famous spy, Oliver, and the social life of the West Riding and of Lancashire was poisoned for years by the suspicion that these police methods spread. These workmen, like the agricultural labourers in the south of England, had no other weapon than the weapon they used—destruction.

Contrast with this state of things the way in which grievances find expression in a society with established trade unions. There is no need to destroy machinery as it was destroyed in Rawfold's mill or on the farms of Hampshire and Wiltshire in order to make such grievances known. The workmen have recognised leaders who present and discuss their case. In Hampshire and Wiltshire

and Dorsetshire the representatives of the labourers' unions sit on public Boards at the same table with farmers to regulate wages and hours. In industrial life there is now a regular system of representation and diplomacy. Agreements and treaties are made; details of work are arranged and settled. Of course there are still disputes, and disputes on a large scale, long drawn out and serious in their consequences. It would be surprising if there were

not. Nor does anybody pretend that unions or employers' associations always act wisely. Far from it. The history of the great industries, coal and cotton, since the War is full of mistakes on both sides. But when the worst has been said about industrial strife, the most remarkable thing about it is not that there has been at times violence and disorder, but that there has been so little violence and disorder. You have seen at different times whole industries idle, the railways, the coal mines, the cotton mills, with hundreds of thousands of men idle and discontented, and yet the public peace has been preserved.

Why is this? Because we have had machinery for discussion and we have developed the habit of discussion. We have brought that habit and spirit into our social life so that it has influenced our conduct and temper even under

the most provocative and dangerous conditions. This has had an immense effect on our history. One of the most difficult things for a society to acquire and spread is the spirit of discussion. If you doubt this, look at Europe today and see over how small a part of the map discussion is free today; how soon men come to think that if they want a thing badly they must be allowed to seize it without discussion. I think it is because the habit of discussion has been spread and encouraged by the growth of the trade unions as bodies first for bargaining, and then for helping to regulate industry, that we have made so many changes, have adapted ourselves to such different conditions, have passed through such severe crises, without anything that could be called civil war.

Let us now return for a moment to our rioters of 1830. I have said that they had either to riot or to suffer in silence. For at that time it was impossible to form trade unions in these villages. Before 1824 trade unions were illegal associations. In 1824 and 1825 laws were passed that legalised trade unions but imposed difficult conditions on them. At that time agricultural labourers were in no position to form unions, for they were far too weak. But in 1834 there was a great trade union movement all through the country and Robert Owen's Grand National Consolidated Trade Union spread even to the villages. In this little village of Tolpuddle a local preacher named Loveless had heard of this Union and he got into touch with it. An organiser was sent from London and a branch formed. At that time trade unions used oaths and ceremonies for initiating new members. These were borrowed from the procedure of friendly societies. When trade unions were illegal bodies they used often to disguise themselves as friendly societies. And they used these oaths for their own protection, for of course any member who liked to give away their secrets would bring the law down upon them. Trade unions were no longer illegal associations, but these oaths and ceremonies had been kept in use in many unions though Robert Owen himself strongly disapproved of them. Loveless and his brother and four other men who started this union in Tolpuddle used these oaths and made no secret of it. For they were being used both by friendly societies and trade unions all over the country.

Unhappily, though trade unions were no longer illegal, these oaths were. Two Acts had been passed, one to deal

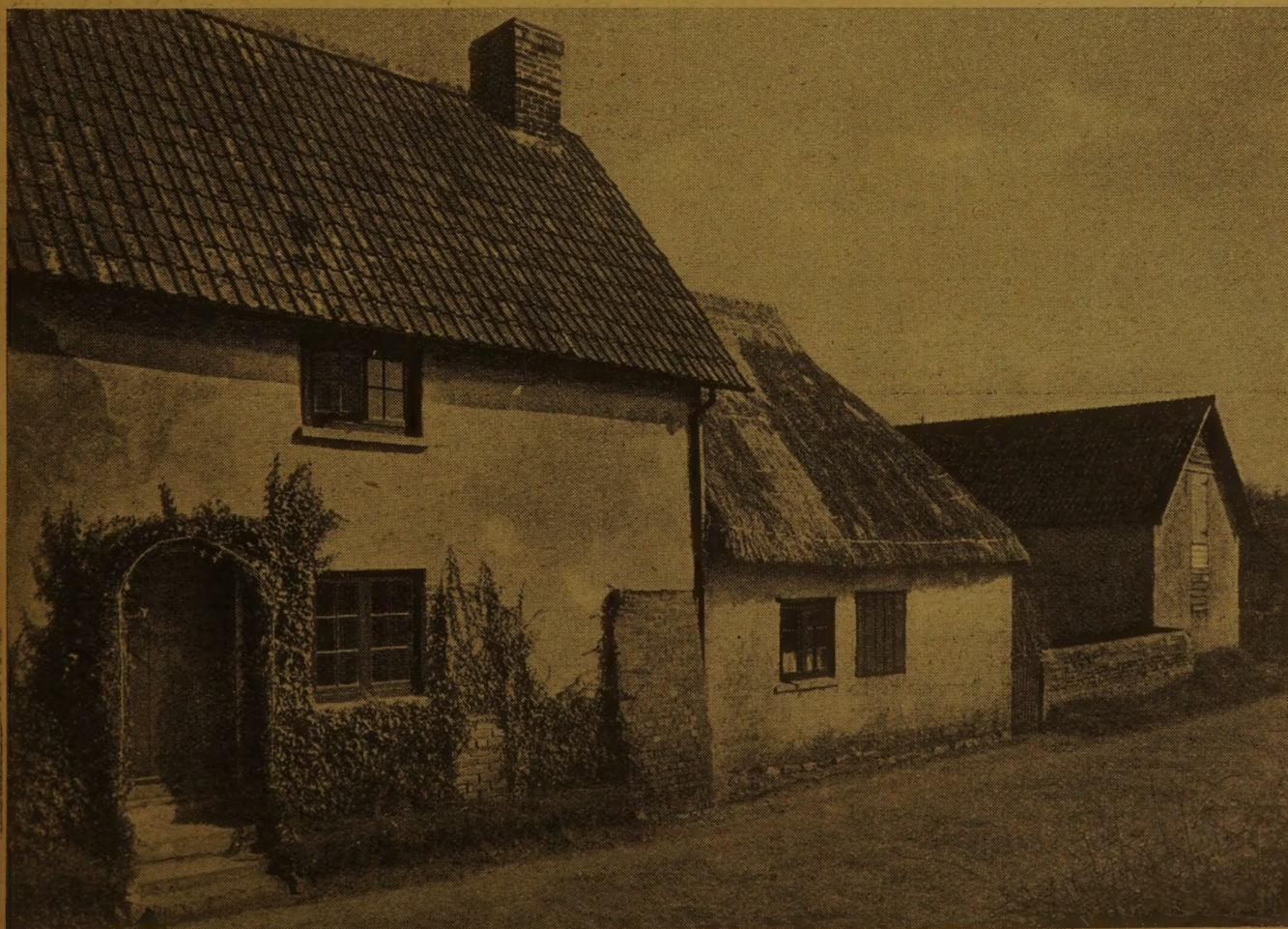
with the Mutiny which broke up at the Nore in 1797 during the war with France: the other, two years later, which made it a criminal offence to administer such oaths. The Dorset landowners and farmers saw in this the opportunity of crushing the union. They prosecuted the six men on this charge. They were found guilty, for they had, without knowing it, broken the law. Then, to the general horror, the judge went on to sentence them to seven years' transportation, the utmost penalty allowed under the Act, though nobody supposed that the oath had been administered for any other purpose than to form a trade union. There was a great agitation in the country, a monster petition was taken to London and protests were made in the House of Commons. But Melbourne, the Home Secretary, insisted on carrying out this brutal sentence and the men were transported. Two years later they were pardoned and after some delay brought back.

Why was it that Melbourne took this extreme course? It was because he thought that trade unions would be not an aid but an obstacle to good government. He would have liked to repeal the law which had allowed them to exist. That he could not do, but he was determined to strike at them whenever he had an opportunity. He was thoroughly alarmed by the spread of the Grand National Consolidated Trade Union which achieved at one moment a membership of half-a-million, and he resolved to strike at it at its weakest point. Its weakest point was Tolpuddle, for in the first place the agricultural labourers were under special difficulties in combining, in the second place they could easily be victimised, and in the third Dorset had suffered in the 1830 riots. A brutal lesson would therefore be specially effective there. So these six men, all of them men of good character, were punished with this terrible sentence because Melbourne wanted to check the spread of trade unions. And he was successful. For if agricultural labourers found that in forming unions they exposed themselves not only to the displeasure of their employers but to the risk of transportation, they were hardly likely to follow the example of Loveless. Of course the oaths could be abolished and they were abolished. But the echo of this dreadful punishment remains, for villages have long memories. It is significant

that there was no serious movement for unions among agricultural labourers after that sentence had been carried out until the days of Joseph Arch in the early 'seventies.

You will see from this account that the Trades Union Congress is quite right to celebrate the memory of the Tolpuddle labourers. For they were in the strictest sense martyrs. They were chosen out for punishment among all the different people who had broken the same law. At this very time the law was being broken all over the country. Not only that. A few months after these men had been sentenced fifteen bricklayers were prosecuted for the same offence at Exeter. They were found guilty but they were all released. Why? Because the Government did not want another agitation like that which they had provoked in the case of the Dorchester trials. Moreover, they were much more afraid of disorder in a town than in the villages, and they knew that if these fifteen men had been given so brutal a sentence there would have been riots in Exeter. The Tolpuddle men were punished with the most severe form of penalty short of death for offences for which other men received no punishment at all. They were not violent or lawless men. On the contrary they were quiet religious men. Two of them were local preachers. Nor did anybody suppose that in forming this trade union they were entering into any seditious conspiracy. George Loveless, the leader, a man of character and talent who wrote afterwards a pamphlet on the case, handed to the judge a declaration of the objects of the union. Wages in the neighbourhood were about to be reduced to six shillings a week, and these men, knowing that their conditions were already desperate, determined to resist that reduction. 'My Lord', said Loveless in the declaration, 'if we have violated any law, it was not done intentionally. We have injured no man's reputation, character, person or property. We were uniting together to preserve ourselves, our wives and children from utter degradation and starvation. We challenge any man or number of men to prove that we have acted or intend to act different from the above statement'. Thus a law that was passed to deal with mutiny and sedition was used against these labourers not because

(Continued on page 675)



A cottage in Tolpuddle where one of the martyrs lived, and where many of their meetings were held. The building on the extreme right, now a stable, was the chapel where George Loveless preached

Photograph taken for THE LISTENER by Edgar Ward

Time to Spare!

Down and Out

By JOHN A. BENTLEY

Following Mr. S. P. B. Mais' introduction to this series published last week, the unemployed are now going to speak for themselves. The first of them, Mr. John A. Bentley, describes the life of the homeless down and out

I THINK I'm entitled to speak for the down and out as I've been in the gutter for the last eight years doing all sorts of things—pavement art on the Embankment, twelve months on a newspaper stand in Cockspur Street, selling toys at Christmas in Baker Street. Hundreds and thousands of you people must have stopped and stared at me. Yet very few of you plucked up courage enough to say anything. So I naturally took it for granted that you weren't interested. I hope I was wrong, for now I'm going to take this chance of talking to you. I'm not going to deal with the unemployed man on the dole, but with the down and out, the



On the Embankment
London News Agency

dosser, the man in the gutter, the man who has to rely on the generosity of you people for his bread-and-butter, for his shelter and even for his very existence. What do you know of these men? You may be one of them yourself some day.

'No Hands Wanted!'

Just let me tell you what happened to me. I was caught in the backwash of the Lancashire cotton crisis, and found myself unemployed. I spent several months looking for work in Lancashire and I always got the same reply—'No hands wanted!' I gradually got very restless and finally decided to take to the road and try my luck elsewhere. With only just under 25s. in my pocket I started off one morning, heading in the direction of London. With the help of a lift from a motor lorry it took me seven days to get there. I did most of my walking in the

night time and rested in the fields during the day. At night the cycle patrols of police are out, and when I saw their lamps I'd jump through the hedge and hide, for I was afraid I might be had up for wandering.

On the Embankment, Verminous and Starving

When I reached London I was in a terrible state. My feet were bleeding. I was white with dust, and down and out properly. I saw my reflection in a shop window and couldn't recognise myself. I headed for Big Ben (for in the provinces Big Ben stands for London). When I got there, I stood for a time in the shadow of this huge clock tower—in London at last—wondering what it would hold for me. Later I routed out a doss-house nearby. I stayed there until my cash ran out and then the drop began. For within a very few days I woke up on the Embankment, verminous and starving, as low as a man can go.

On many occasions I've been like that—quite incapable of doing a day's work even if I could get it, and having no interest in life. I'd think of the open country and the lovely sunshine and I just wanted to die. It was then the beast came uppermost and kept me alive. I said to myself, 'I have a right to live—I'll do anything to get food. I must either turn crook, or I must make a fight for it'. I decided to fight for it. But a lot of men in my position turn crook straight away. They'll never be respectable again, and with a criminal record they haven't a chance. But making a fight for it as I did—and as I'm still doing—is terrible. Everything's against you. You're a target for the police. I was determined to get an honest living, so I decided to sell matches. But I soon found that 'the timber trade'—as we call it—is classed as begging. I had to watch out or I'd get caught. I got cunning and sly, and I started to use my brains to outwit the police, and then for a time I did turn bad. I'd have done anything just to get food. And I did one or two rather despicable tricks. But I'm not ashamed of them. For I know that anybody put in my position would do all I did, or even worse. That's my only consolation. When you're down and out, to exist and be respectable is well nigh impossible. Starvation bouts affect the brain and then you get wild ideas into your head. You think of anything up to murder even. In my thoughts I've stalked people just to lay them out and rob them. In my thoughts I've mixed in crowds to steal money. And when you're in that state thought may easily turn to action.

I shall never forget one period I had with fourteen consecutive nights out on Waterloo Bridge, in a stone alcove. The



Chopping wood in a casual ward

London News Agency

weather was very cold and I'd previously sold my shirt for 3d. in the doss house so as to get a slice and a cup of tea. I had to wash it before I could sell it. I spent the days wandering round and round, and at night time I crawled on to the stone slabs and tried to get a bit of rest—but also watching out for the police. There's only one word for it. It was absolute hell—so



Two ways of getting food and a bed : as sandwichboard man—

Sport and General

cold it was an effort to draw the breath into my body. I hadn't any use in my arms or fingers. I was burning hot inside and yet shivering with cold. I thought of only one thing—food—and what the dawn was going to bring me, and that dawn never seemed to come. There were other dossers about too, but with the rattle of the first trams they vanished, and we all hit out for the nearest park. We were too ashamed to stay on the streets, as people only stared and walked away from us, disgusted.

A Chance Sixpence Brings Hope

It was about this time that I turned to pavement art, and I'll tell you how it happened. I was sitting on the steps at Charing Cross semi-conscious and not noticing anything that was going on. I was thinking of nothing but food. I had a faint recollection of somebody putting something in my hand. And then I felt a milled edge of a coin, and even then I didn't come to life. I was still thinking about it fifteen minutes later. I gradually opened my hand and saw it was sixpence. I was so surprised I simply sat there. Sixpence was a fortune to me. I got a big tin of tea—it cost one halfpenny—and a roast pigeon for a penny. It was an ordinary London pigeon. They catch them with a bit of maize threaded on a long piece of string. The food brought me back to life. I got it from a man under Hungerford Bridge. He used to make a business of brewing up tins of tea for dossers. During the night he'd collect bits of bread, bad apples and oranges—in fact, anything that was eatable—from various dustbins in the locality. That's the only sort of food that we dossers exist upon.

I'd spent 1½d., and this left me with 4½d. in my pocket. So I walked along the Embankment and sat down to think things

over. Right opposite me was a pavement artist and I was just casually watching. I saw two or three pennies put into the hat, and I thought 'Why can't I do it? Why don't I? Surely, I can draw as good as that'. So I went up the road like a shot, and I got some chalks and they were exactly 4½d. a box. This left me without a penny in the world, but I was all alive at the

thought of my new venture. I went back to the Embankment, passed the kneeling man and kept going until I got to what I thought was a nice big stone. I knelt down and opened my box of chalks. I'd got an old paper in my pocket with the Dot and Carrie cartoons in it, and I thought how easily I could copy them. I got down to it and the first one was Carrie. I took no notice of anybody, and I crouched on the pavement for an hour. I got up and I was disgusted with myself—the circles were squares, and I nearly threw the chalks into the river, when somebody dropped a coin into my hat. I started again, and tinkle, tinkle money was going in. I was crying, and absolutely breaking my heart down there on the pavement. When I got up I was staggered at the likeness. I daren't look at the people standing round so I started another picture, and by the time I'd finished the crowd had gone. But when I counted up the contents of the hat I found I'd 2s. 4d. in coppers—enough to get a nice warm bed, a wash, and food and everything. The

next morning I went to the same place, and so on for months and months, until I was getting these pictures down wonderfully.

I was soon known amongst my fellow artists as 'Dot and Carrie'—for we all have our names—'Ginger Wicks', 'Soldier George', 'Patch Eye', and so on. People sometimes came up



—or street singer

Sport and General

and admired my pictures. They said I ought to be drawing covers for the magazines. But I knew in my own heart that I wasn't an artist and never would be one. Some of them seemed to think I was making a fortune—they even suggested sums like £4 a day. But that was ridiculous. Sixteen hours' work a day for 1s. 6d. was more like it. Can you find me a British working man who's prepared to put in these hours for that amount of money? How many of you have ever heard of a

millionaire pavement artist? None of you, and you never will. Of course, some days I would make 10s., but then on others perhaps only 2d. or 3d.—and sometimes nothing. Don't forget a pavement artist has got to exist during the wet and cold of winter. And, besides, even in summer a shower can wash out a day's work in a few seconds. I can assure you that on many occasions I've not even covered the outlay for my chalks.

A Step Up

I played the Embankment up for a long time—in fact it was my only home—and then I decided to try the suburbs. It's much better in the suburbs because there are more children about. I used to talk to the kiddies and give them bits of chalk, and they'd tell their mothers, and ask if they could take me a penny. But this sort of game wasn't getting me out of the gutter. I realised that if I stuck to it, I'd still be the same twenty years hence, and so I turned to newspaper selling. Newspaper selling's the first step up from the gutter. You're back in civilisation, you talk to clean people again. For as a pavement artist, sandwichboard man, match-seller, you don't come into contact with decent people. It took me a long time to get a stand, and when I did I found it was only a bare existence. The big stand man—outside an Underground Station, say—can do well enough. But the small stand man, like myself, could only just get enough for a kip at 1s. a night and 1s. or perhaps 1s. 6d. a day for food and cigarettes. Sometimes I hadn't even the price of my food when I'd finished, unless, of course, it was Saturday, and then I'd be drawing a regular 13s. 6d., which I got for holding the news placards.

The whole trouble is that you've got to humour your customers—and you haven't got any capital to do it on. Sometimes a man was in a hurry and took a paper without paying for it. He'd say, 'See you tomorrow, that's two I've had'. 'Very good, sir'. Then it was, 'See you tomorrow: that's three I've had'. I found a lot of them did that. They ran up a bill. The point was that at the end of the day I hadn't enough money to pay the driver of the newspaper van and buy food. Even if the driver let me pay next day I still had to chase them. They'd try to dodge home a different way. And when one did pay me and I'd pull him up and say, 'What about that bob you owe me?' 'I don't owe you a bob!' 'I'm not out to catch you, but you owe me a shilling. D'you think I'm a crook?' 'Oh, take it, take it' . . . and then you've lost a client.

Sometimes I'd be asked to lend a man his car fare home—or advance him his dinner money. They never seemed to realise that a newspaper man's always on the rocks. You have to sell just about a hundred papers to make half-a-crown. And that takes some doing, when there's probably half a dozen other paper sellers within a few hundred yards of you. A newspaper man has to take bets and tip winners. I used to pass on my information to my clients, and once, as a result, a man put a pound note in my hand. But that's the sort of thing that only happens once in a lifetime.

No! We people in the gutter don't stand there because we get rich quick. We stand there because we're starving—because we've got to earn a copper or two so as to put a roof over our heads. You'll laugh, but I've tried to lift myself out of the gutter by writing a book about my experiences, called *The Submerged Tenth**. I asked Constables to publish it, but so far it doesn't look as though the proceeds are going to save me from going back to the streets. I'm sure some of you are thinking, 'Well, Mr. Bentley, you tell us you were walking the streets—but there was no need to do it. Why did you do it? I don't believe it. Why didn't you go to a casual ward, or the Salvation Army?' I'll tell you why I didn't go to a casual ward. If I went there for a free bed I might be kept there for four days on end. Freedom was the only thing I'd got. I never knew what was

around the corner, and that's why I stayed on the streets.

Here's another reason why so many of us won't take advantage of the casual ward or the Salvation Army. Many of the down-and-outs of today are not the professional tramps of yesterday. They are more educated—they are men who have already gained and passed the stage that many of you are striving to reach, but through ill luck, or some slip, have fallen by the wayside. They're not prepared to put up with many of the old conditions which still exist.

Practical Help

Go and see for yourselves the different types amongst the homeless. If you happen to live in London, go to Trafalgar Square any Tuesday or Thursday evening—over by Admiralty Arch. As Big Ben strikes twelve you'll see two or three hundred men queued up in front of an all-night coffee stall—to get free food and drink from the Silver Lady, as we call

her. Look at those men and you'll see all sorts of types. There's the unemployed clerk, the Welsh miner, the ex-soldier, the public school boy, the bully, the boy not yet out of his teens. They're not professional tramps. They're not in the casual wards because they've been used to a home life and a little comfort, and they resent the present-day conditions of these places.

At this coffee stall they find the nearest thing to home life—not only food and drink but a friendly smile and a handshake. And I can tell you from personal experience what that means to a down and out. So next time you see a man in the gutter don't forget he's a human being, and if you can't spare a penny or two, remember that a kind word, a smile, or even a cigarette will often save a man from the river.

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 (British Isles and Canada), 17s. 4d.
 Subscriptions should be sent to the Publishers of
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The author as pavement artist

* *The Submerged Tenth*. By John A. Bentley. Constable, 5s.

America Half-way to Recovery

By SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

Sir Frederick Whyte has just returned from a visit to the United States

WE in England believe—and aren't we right in believing?—that we turned our corner in 1931 by a great national effort of which we ought to reap some of the benefits in this year's Budget. America did not turn her corner for two years after we did—and she did it in a different way. Ask any American you like, from San Francisco to New York, and he will only give one answer, and always the same answer, to the question how it was done. He won't say N.R.A., or A.B.A., or C.W.A., or any of the other alphabetical things that are now making Washington the busiest capital in the world. He will give you the answer in the one word, 'Roosevelt'. And the answer is right. Franklin Delano Roosevelt is America: and in this year, 1934, the American people follow him and support him with gratitude and enthusiasm. What he stands for, what he aims at, what he is—these things are more important for our understanding of America today than even the most brilliant exposition of the New Deal in all its prolific manifestations.

On January 31, the day after his birthday—which, by the way, was the most extraordinary demonstration of national affection which any American President ever enjoyed in his lifetime—I walked into the Oval Room in the White House where the President was sitting on a deep settee, with a small tea-table in front of him. 'Glad to see you again, Whyte; come right in', he said, as he shook me by the hand with a powerful grasp. 'Have a Camel', and he tossed me a packet of cigarettes as I sat down on a fat stool in front of a log fire. By the way, a Camel is the gasper of America, in case you don't happen to know the name.

The Spokesman of a Common Ideal

The welcome was characteristic. Some people say that Roosevelt's hearty manner is just a trick—a carefully studied performance for the sake of popularity. It's nothing of the kind: it is the spontaneous expression of a warm and vital personality: yes, vital is the right word, in spite of his infirmity. Just look at him for a moment. As he sits there on the sofa, blowing a great plume of cigarette smoke from his lips, he is a fine figure of a man, with the thorax and shoulders of an athlete, the wrists and fingers of a wrestler, and a massive head. Unless you know already, you would never guess that his legs are crippled, that both limbs are practically paralysed as the result of an attack of infantile paralysis some years ago. But it is so, and Roosevelt's long struggle to overcome the disease probably prepared him, as nothing else could have done, for the task he has now in hand.

He is vigorous, winning, alert: able to make you feel as you enter the room, whether you are a senator, a newspaper man, a child, or a stray visitor like myself, that he is interested in you, wants to know what you have to say, and sends you away feeling that he is what Americans call a good mixer, able to get under the skins of all sorts and conditions of men. That is the first and the last secret of his power—though, of course, not the only one. He is not merely a popular, persuasive person. He is a leader and a true interpreter of the mind of America in search of a new way of life. He is the incarnation of the spirit of recovery—and in the hearts of the American people he stands not so much for this or that economic or industrial policy as for a social and moral purpose. His buoyancy was exactly the tonic that America needed last year, and whatever mistakes he has made, and will make (he has made some already and will make more) his people will never forget that he came to them at just the right moment, and in just the right way, to revive their failing hopes and re-awaken their drooping spirits. And when the wisecracks and pundits of political economy say, as they do say, 'Ah yes, that's all very well, all that flapdoodle of politics, but the recovery would have come along without him: the revival was already on the way', the common man in America, with a clearer human vision, sees in Roosevelt the man who found him in the Slough of Despond and set his feet on firm ground once more. Small wonder, then, that Roosevelt has the American people behind him.

Now, Washington under Roosevelt is a hive of experiment: and behind all the novel enterprises of the New Deal you can

see that something like a revolution is on the way. Not revolution which means the shedding of blood and the burning of cities, but one of those decisive moments in human affairs when mankind changes course to meet new currents of wind and tide. And there are new currents in America today. America, the land of opportunity, of the pioneer, the breaker of new ground, vital expanding America, is becoming the land of settled achievement in which the individual will soon be compelled to conform to a social purpose, in which the law will place the claims of society as a whole above the rights of any class or any one man, no matter how powerful or important. And Roosevelt is the spokesman and the architect of this new common ideal. He is a portent showing how America is turning to a new way of life. He doesn't pretend to know how that way is to be completely achieved—but he does know that America desires a new way, and he is clearing the ground for it.

America Out of the Wood

There has been a lot of silly talk about Roosevelt the Dictator; and we have been told that the White House is the American Kremlin, that the President is another Mussolini—in a word, that America has deserted democracy. Believe me, that is nonsense. This is a moment of personal rule,—no, rule is the wrong word—of personal leadership, in which the hopes of a nation live in the mind and body of one man. America has still many lessons to learn in the practice of democracy, but she has not deserted her old ideal. Roosevelt's leadership is democratic in origin, and democratic in spirit. So, let us remember that England and America are the two upholders (France, too) of that old and well-tried system of government in the world of today, in which some of the peoples, less experienced in politics than ourselves, are playing with other ideas. We ought to stand together, and in order to stand together we must understand one another.

What is going on outside the White House? In a sentence or two I will boil down what was said to me by three men—a great steel magnate who employs 50,000 men; a banker in St. Louis; and an engine-driver on the Pennsylvania Railroad. All three agreed that America was out of the wood; that Roosevelt was top-dog; that it was a good thing that he was in the White House and not Hoover (though two of them had voted for Hoover in 1932); and that America couldn't go back to the old ways of 'rugged individualism' in which the devil took the hindmost. The engine-driver thought that 'we're all right now'; the other two didn't. The steel man said that the N.R.A. codes had upset industry too much, and would have to be changed. Roosevelt knows that, too. The steel man added that many of the ideas in the codes were all right, that the United States could not go back to the old ways, and that new conceptions of social justice must govern public policy. When a Pennsylvanian Republican talks like that, things are moving with a vengeance.

An Experiment in Reform

The St. Louis banker put things differently. He was worried about the financial future. He said, 'I've more money on deposit here, awaiting a chance of investment, than ever before: but there's nowhere to put it. As long as Roosevelt goes on pouring out billions of federal money, we have the illusion of a return to good times! But what's going to happen when he stops? I'm afraid there'll be a gap between this artificial stream of credit and the real flow of money into permanent investment—and if that gap is wide, there will be real trouble. But Roosevelt has done a pretty good job, and I take my hat off to him'.

These three are representative opinions: the democratic mass beginning to feel firm ground under its feet; the leaders of industry knowing that changes must come, but chafing at the way in which change is hitting them; the leaders of finance perplexed. And behind them America stands expectant: only half realising that she is not merely engaged in a recovery, but in a far-reaching experiment in social and political reform, but rejoicing that in her moment of trial she found a leader fitted for the task.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata

The New Headmaster

WITHIN the last two years, four of the chief headmasterships—those at Eton, Harrow, Uppingham and Repton—have gone to University dons, and an unusually long-suffering profession has been provoked to mild protest. It is interesting to trace the causes of this tendency. Does it imply mistrust of the normal routine schoolmaster or simply a desire for change, up-to-dateness, progress? Have conditions arisen within the schools themselves demanding a new type of leader and a new point of view?

Since the War there have been considerable alterations in the general attitude to our public schools. The extent to which the nation was compelled to look to products of the public schools for leadership in a time of crisis produced a much wider interest in their condition and was responsible for the new and searching criticism to which they were subjected. From being closed and private worlds, they began to feel the influence of the outside world. Partly, no doubt, this is the result of a change in the function of the schools: they are no longer entirely, or even mainly, a training-ground for the Army, the professions, the high Civil Service and the colonial administrations. In those fields they must now compete with the secondary schools, and many of their own products must turn to the world of business, a world possibly requiring a different training from that which the public schools have been devised to give. But the change is also due in part to the masters themselves. Many of them had been forced to leave the one-way academic track of school-university-school for service in the forces, and they returned with wider interests and new points of view. The value of a worldly point of view can easily be exaggerated, but certainly the process of opening the schools to the outside world has been steadily continued.

With this opening, the nature of the headmaster's duties is changing too. Less teaching is required of him and more administrative work. At times he must be a politician. There are innumerable conferences for him to attend. But, most important of all, he must have a head for business—for the public schools are fighting a hard economic battle for survival against the appeal of day schools, including State-aided secondary schools. Business men frequently criticise the public schools because their products do not prove immediately adaptable to a

business career. To satisfy this section of opinion more attention has to be paid to examination results (particularly in the School Certificate), and this in competition with highly efficient secondary schools. It is clear that if the public schools are to adjust themselves to modern problems and modern needs considerable modifications will have to be made in a system developed in the past, predominantly for the development of character, and in general with a view to producing men fit for the administrative services of their country. It is the great misfortune of the routine schoolmaster, with his record of loyal service and his ten or fifteen years of teaching experience, that he has become associated with the old order—and that the approach to the new is entrusted to men from other walks of life.

On the positive side, therefore, it is not difficult to find reasons for the new type of headmaster coming into fashion. On the negative side there is the serious consideration that the rate of pay for schoolmasters is not such as to attract the best men in the first place—and that therefore when the important posts have to be filled, governing bodies who can afford to do so are tempted to look beyond the profession. The facts of the situation have recently been discussed in an important correspondence in the *Spectator*. 'The present salary scale', writes a headmaster, 'for graduate schoolmasters in secondary schools (£200-£400) is utterly inadequate for men of their status, education and training, marrying women of their own class and engaged in a profession which demands constant expense if they are to maintain their efficiency and freshness'. An interesting comparison with the pay of Civil Servants proves that 'consciously or unconsciously schoolmasters are rated between the Clerical Class and the General Executive Class, and if the chances of promotion are taken into account, very much nearer the former than the latter'. That the low pay of schoolmasters is no new development, however, is evident from the fact that in 1675 Archdeacon Plume could write that the profession was 'in most places so slightly provided for that it is undertaken out of necessity and only as a step to other preferment'—a description that still holds good for the young man who at the end of his University career takes to teaching simply because no better job turns up. Nevertheless, in the general readjustment of the public schools it would surely be well to bring teaching into some more equal relationship with the other professions. After all, it is strange that many men who would not think of entrusting their sons' bodies to a doctor who was only earning £400 a year, cheerfully entrust their minds to the care of a teacher earning less. Certainly there is little to encourage a brilliant young man to enter the teaching profession, and when, besides financial discouragement, hope of final achievement is diminished, one can easily sympathise with the schoolmaster who writes: 'When I hear constantly that the scholastic profession requires the very best recruits, I wonder if the very best will be encouraged to enter it when they see the chief posts of honour awarded to those who have not borne the heat and burden of the day'.

Week by Week

THREE of the English lakes—Buttermere, Crummock Water, Loweswater—are shortly to be sold. The worst is already being anticipated, and there is talk of 'jazz roofs, stucco walls, and loud advertisements' destroying the peace of this dale. No doubt this is unnecessarily pessimistic but, as the land is to be sold in lots, there is a fair possibility that in the hands of several owners, perhaps using it for different purposes, it might lose the natural harmony it has preserved under one. It is quite likely, on the other hand, that nothing drastic may occur; the district is at present too difficult to reach to make it profitable to run, say, a fun-park there; the land may pass into hands anxious to pre-

serve the *status quo*. But beneath these fears and hopes lies a fundamental issue. Two years ago the Cumbrian Regional Joint Advisory Committee published a Regional Planning Scheme of the lakeland area—an area, they noted, obviously suitable to be a National Park. The district now to be sold was there scheduled partly as Fell Reservation—where the land would be kept in its present condition, with no new buildings except those essential to farming operations; and partly as Agricultural or Dale-head Reservation, where would be allowed agricultural buildings, residential buildings at a very low density, and perhaps hostels for walkers. Buildings for non-residential uses, e.g. cafés or shops, would require special consent. The Buttermere dale, under this schedule, would thus be preserved in its present state. But here is the issue: what is the use of regional plans and schemes for National Parks, however excellent, if, the moment the owner of a district affected wishes to sell, there is a 50 per cent. chance that that district may pass into the wrong hands and be developed in the wrong way? On this occasion there is, of course, the obvious suggestion that the National Trust should purchase it. There could be no better owner; but it does seem ridiculous that when competent authorities have declared that a district—such as the fell area in this one—should be set aside for public use, that district should only be preserved for public use by whipping up private subscriptions. We hope very much that the Trust will whip up enough; but we feel that when a national interest is involved—and considering the extent to which the rest of England looks to the Lakes as a playground it is surely a national interest to keep them as they are—the private body which is concerned in safeguarding that interest should receive national support. The L.C.C. has just shown a recognition of its interest in preserving the Foundling Site by promising to make up whatever private charity cannot find: a similar action on the part of the government in regard to the National Trust and these three lakes would surely be as sensible and popular.

* * *

Henry James' reflection that 'naivete in art is like a zero in a number: its importance depends on the figure it is united with' might well be borne in mind by those who go to visit the exhibition of Naive Paintings now on view at the Wertheim Gallery. These include, among others, paintings by Christopher Wood and Busdriver Stockley, and the comprehension of these artists under one heading illustrates nicely the two diverse implications of the word naive. Christopher Wood represents the sophisticated naive; he is usually a highly trained artist, technically competent to realise in paint the effects of light, shade, recession, etc., who deliberately chooses to represent appearances as they look to the eye of the child, the peasant, or the savage. Or he is a civilised and educated man who turns to simple and primitive forms—as D. H. Lawrence in his paintings turned to the art of the Etruscans and Mexican Indians—as being best suited to express what he has to say. In contrast, Busdriver Stockley represents the natural naives. This type of artist sees, as Henri Rousseau is described as seeing, 'with the eye of a child assisted by the brain of a child'. He is often naive in practical affairs—it seemed perfectly amazing to Rousseau to sell some picture which he had painted innocently as a child for thirty or fifty francs. He may also possess the naivete of technical imperfection (apparent in some Italian primitives)—like a child who is anxious to realise certain appearances and has not the technical skill to do so. In short, he paints as he does because he has no alternative. Further—though he cannot be held responsible for the inverted snobbery which thrusts this upon him—he is sometimes known by the job which gives him his bread-and-butter. Hence Douanier Rousseau and Busdriver Stockley. Both these types of naivete have their value; but the essential thing is that both are means—whether deliberate or unconscious—to ends, and not ends in themselves; and that therefore insistence on naivete alone, as in an exhibition of this sort, obscures the essential æsthetic value of the productions. Unless there is a real painter beneath the busdriver or the customs house official, no amount of naivete will make him produce a picture worth looking at twice.

* * *

Mr. R. H. Tawney, one of the foremost champions of the proposal to raise the school-leaving age from fourteen to fifteen,

has just published his arguments in a pamphlet sponsored by the Archbishop of York's Unemployment Committee, called *The School-Leaving Age and Juvenile Unemployment**. Mr. Tawney does not enter into the educational advantages, which have been dealt with convincingly enough by the Hadow Committee. He maintains that other and tragic circumstances make the adoption of the proposal of vital importance at the present time. We have to face the problem of juvenile unemployment as it has never before presented itself. A great increase in the birth rate during and immediately after the War means that we have, and shall have for the next few years, a tremendous increase of boys and girls between fourteen and eighteen for whom it is imperative to find employment—by 1937, there will be an increase of no less than 443,000. Although after 1937 the tide will turn, we shall still have, in 1940, 167,000 more children at the employment age than in the past year. Left to themselves, without either school or work, they soon become unemployable, so that with the limited number of jobs available, Mr. Tawney has a strong case for keeping them at school. In the present year this policy would mean that 438,000 would be held back from employment and openings would be made for 'more than all the juvenile workers between 15 and 18'. The unemployed teachers—and 1,450 of those who left college in 1933 are still unemployed—would also benefit. It is generally agreed that the plan could only succeed with the help of a maintenance grant, and the Board of Education estimate for the whole in 1930 reached as high a figure as £6,250,000. But Mr. Tawney maintains that if there is taken into account the saving on unemployment benefit for those who would be restored to work by the withdrawal of child labour, and the expense of evening schools and courses for unemployed juveniles, the cost must be estimated as considerably less. Education Authorities are, of course, capable of settling the problem of themselves. The Education Act of 1921 empowered them to raise the school-leaving age in their own areas; and six authorities have already taken advantage of this. Now word comes that six boroughs in Greater London are about to consider the matter and that they have co-opted the services of Mr. Tawney. With six critical years ahead, and the birth rate at present falling, the time is certainly appropriate for action.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: The recent production by the Edinburgh Opera Company of Hamish MacCunn's 'Jeanie Deans' was an exciting event, the merits of the work and the quality of the performance apart. There are men still living who remember the composer as a boy in Greenock and many more who wistfully recall how, in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties, it seemed for a glorious moment that Britain had at last produced a composer of giant stature. It is difficult nowadays to appreciate the reasons for that glowing enthusiasm, but it is quite certain that, for a variety of human reasons, MacCunn did not produce all that was in him, and that his compositions have latterly suffered unreasonable neglect: The orchestral overtures get an occasional patriotic hearing, the cantatas are only remotely produced, if ever, and the two operas—the other is 'Diarmid'—have been dead for a long time. It is tolerably certain that none of the Edinburgh performers had ever seen a performance of 'Jeanie Deans', however many sentimental ancients were in the stalls, and it is an odd illustration of the transience of fame that the producer, the veteran, E. C. Hedmont, played in the original performance of the work forty-four years ago. The revival seems hardly likely to create a precedent, though amateur companies have been known to make worse choices, but it has reminded the Scots people to count their few musical blessings of the creative order with particular care. It is an instance of the healthy inclination to rely on ourselves in artistic matters, and it may lead to further researches into those works of Scottish composers that, neglected during the phase of snobbery from which Scotland is just emerging, are at least as well worth performing as certain more popular importations. Best of all, it may encourage the contemporary composer, who has perhaps the least inducement of any European to express himself in operatic form. One can imagine that a great opera may yet come out of Scotland. We have a wealth of traditional tales, an inexhaustible treasury of traditional song. They await the man, to be sure—but Hamish MacCunn just missed being that man.

* Obtainable from Miss Ridsdale, Secretary to Archbishop of York's Unemployment Committee, Annandale, North End Road, London, N.W.1.

The Week Abroad

News from Rome

By C. F. WHITTALL

Broadcast from Rome on April 12

THINGS are doing better in Italy this year. Though the improvement in trade in the last year has not been as marked as in Britain, unemployment has declined, according to the official figures. The number given is about one million, but this is not quite comparable with British figures, as the basis of registration is different. The Government has undertaken big and most expensive public works schemes to provide employment for as many men as possible during the winter.

To the visitor there is an air of tremendous prosperity in Rome. The trains are crowded; accommodation is difficult to obtain; the streets are packed with people; shops and cafés are full up. But this tremendous activity has been largely due to the Roman Catholic Holy Year which is estimated to have brought well over one million pilgrims to Rome in the course of twelve months. The Holy Year finished last week, however, and the pilgrims are gradually disappearing from the streets. Another factor which crowds the Italian trains and gives a great impression of prosperity is the lavish bestowal of cheap railway tickets. Anyone who comes to Rome can get 70 per cent. off his railway fare on condition that he pays a brief visit to the Fascist Exhibition. Honeymoon couples can come to Rome with 80 per cent. off their fares.

Then in the theatres and cinemas, members of Fascist recreational organisations get big reductions, too. These things must be taken into account before we can decide on the real degree of prosperity in the country. Nevertheless, although the export trade is still severely hit, Italy is weathering the crisis well. The crowds in the streets look well-dressed and well-fed; and they feel fairly secure. They don't feel the shadow of war, for instance, hanging over them as people do in other countries. They have great faith in their Government, and, above all, in the head of it, Signor Mussolini. And even if the Budget deficit is as big as ever . . . well, they don't worry very much about it.

In the political world the disarmament question comes very much to the fore again this week, and it looks as if the Italian plan may occupy a predominant position in the future course of events. Signor Suvich, the Italian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is going to London next week, and I expect he will explain to the British Government the general Italian view that their plan holds the field for the moment. The Italian plan says, in effect, 'Let's cut out all this interminable talking; recognise that in present circumstances we can't get all-round reductions which we should have liked; and stabilise things as they are'. That is to say, let Germany have the limited rearmament she asks for, and, in return, let France keep what she has got. At least it is better that German rearmament should be under control than that she should take things into her own hands. After all the high hopes with which the Disarmament Conference set out two years ago, this may sound rather a cynical conclusion. But Italians believe now that the chance of effecting real disarmament has passed—if it ever existed—and that the only thing to do is to prevent a wild scramble of all the nations to increase their armaments.

The two principal events of the week in Rome, however, have been international conferences, both of which are still in progress. The first is the Conference of the International Wheat Advisory Committee, which is discussing the ways of increasing the price which wheat growers all over the world get for their grain. Economists are agreed that world recovery from the depression is not possible till the prices of primary products, such as wheat, are raised. At present the price of wheat is much lower proportionately than that of the industrial products which the wheat farmer would like but can't afford to buy. That fact hits the industrialists who can't sell their goods. That is why not only countries which export wheat—like the United States, Canada, the Argentine and Australia—but also countries which buy wheat, are interested to see the price go up. Both exporters and importers are represented at this Conference, including Great Britain and fourteen other countries. They hope to draw up an agreed scheme of recom-

mendation which will be sure to receive very serious consideration from their Governments. There are several different proposals which they are considering. There is, for instance, the possibility of fixing rigid minimum prices which all countries must pay for the wheat they buy. Alternatively, minimum prices can be aimed at by restricting production, and only allowing each country a certain quota for exportation, and so on. The Conference is also going to discuss the possibility of increasing the demand by reducing the percentage of flour which millers shall be allowed to grind out of the grain.

The other important Conference here is a meeting of economic experts of Italy, Austria and Hungary, which is drawing up plans for increasing trade between these three countries. This may not sound very important, but European Chancelleries are watching it with an interest which is not only economic but distinctly political. As you know, the countries of the Danube Valley, and especially Austria and Hungary, have been suffering severely from the economic depression. Austria is the nerve centre of this depressed area, for not only is she the worst hit of the countries concerned, but she is also the special victim of political claims and rivalries. The statesmen of Europe have long realised that something must be done to set her permanently on her feet beyond just lending her money.

Each of the three great Powers—France, Germany and Italy—had a plan for doing this. France proposed a customs federation of the five Danubian countries—Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania. The purpose was to cut down customs barriers between these countries and thus provide a wider area for trade. The plan was dropped because other countries complained that it neglected their interests. Germany's plan was the *Anschluss*—the union of Germany and Austria, or, at any rate, the customs union. But everyone else rejected this proposal, and especially Italy. Now Italy has come out with a plan of her own, and seems to be getting away with it. The plan was probably discussed by Signor Mussolini and Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria in the course of a sail on the Adriatic last summer. It took final shape last month when Dr. Dollfuss and the Hungarian Prime Minister came to Rome with full delegations. They met Signor Mussolini, and reached an agreement. The agreement was that they would do everything they could to increase trade between Italy, Austria and Hungary, and that a meeting of economic experts should be held in Rome this month to decide how it was to be done. At the same time they made it clear that the agreement must not be regarded as being confined to their three countries alone, but that eventually other countries should adhere.

But there was a political side to the agreement which was even more important. The statesmen declared that it was essential that all three countries should preserve their independence, and they agreed to consult together whenever any of them thought a consultation desirable. Italians feel that the independence of Austria is vital to the peace of Central Europe. If Austria came under the domination of any other power, a state of disequilibrium would be created which would be a danger to peace. Austria has been a source of weakness to Europe because no-one has felt sure that she would remain independent, and all her neighbours have watched her uneasily and wondered what would happen next. Signor Mussolini would like to put an end to this dangerous state of uncertainty by making Austria's independence indisputable. I do not know what exactly is in his mind, but I believe he would like to see Austria one day become a neutral state—something like Switzerland. A neutral bloc consisting of Switzerland and Austria, stretching across Central Europe, would be a tremendous factor for peace. But whether Signor Mussolini's plans are to succeed or not will depend largely on whether Italy and Hungary, and any other Powers that care to help, can put Austria on her feet economically. That is why the conference of the economic experts which is being held here is, in my opinion, of such vital importance.



St. George's Hall, Liverpool

Reproduced from 'Monumental Classic Architecture in Great Britain and Ireland', by Professor Richardson (Batsford)

Art

English Town Hall Architecture

By E. MAXWELL FRY

'SHALL I send in a design for St. George's Hall?' asked the young Harvey Lonsdale Elmes of Haydon, the sculptor. 'By all means, my boy', said Haydon, 'and let it be something grand; none of your cut-up things'. Elmes entered, and his gloriously successful design was so far from being cut-up that it survived through a century of Liverpool soot, the finest civic monument in the British Isles.

Elmes achieved his one lasting masterpiece in a state of devouring emotion. His numerous projects show the range of the vision that sustained him: a vision which he must have felt was to bring back the heroic scale to English urban life. Already there had been built by no less a person than Wood of Bath a Town Hall nobler and of greater refinement than the Mansion House itself, and Foster, the city architect, had completed his ill-fated Customs House on a scale to compete with Gandy's greater pile at Dublin. But just to think of this wealth of grand planning and thinking! Of the taste for fine things that stirred the city leaders to put their faith in a young man of vision; and of the genuine emotion for the monumental forms of classic architecture that moved the city fathers and architect alike to compete with Rome for the expression of their pride in their city.

It never happened again. The great work was completed. But never again was an English city dignified by a work of spontaneous originality springing from deep sources of artistic emotion. The nineteenth century supervened. And in these days of slow recovery from that long paralysis of mind, can we feel, looking at the civic buildings which we erect to serve the new or congested old boroughs and cities of England, the same emotions stirring? Do we find the same quick correspondence between spirit and matter that made it certain that Liverpool should be well served by a young man?

How can we hope to find it, for when we design our polite classic and neo-Georgian facades in the name of decency, are we not using what stray remnants of Elmes' glory are left trailing on the ground to cover what we know is deficient both in our instructions from our clients and in ourselves, while we give these instructions no more than a literal translation in fact? There is abundance of hope for contemporary architecture whenever it will re-align itself with contemporary needs and the structural equipment of modern building, but civic architecture must pass through the revolution which this

re-analysis involves before it recaptures the creative strength it has lost.

It is natural that civic architecture should lag behind, being so much less subject to the pressure of economy, sociology, and other forces which have made possible experiments in new structures for the purposes of housing, commerce and industry. Given time, the effects of this pressure would be felt in the backwater in which civic architecture at present lies, probably in terms of a fully developed technique; but before that could happen we should have built a lot more petrified town halls in varying stages of decadence, and it is better for the future of English architecture that we should make the analysis now and brave the consequences of a break with our *habitual* (I will not call it traditional) manner of building.

A vital architecture requires, as I said earlier, a very close correspondence between spirit and matter. As sculptors forsook the mallet for the modelled clay sculpture lost its power to stir the imagination deeply, and became flabby. So architects losing spiritual contact with the materials out of which their buildings are constructed lose also the power to charge inert matter with life—and their buildings remain dead. They are facades with no life behind; built only in the hope of pleasing.

The materials of contemporary town hall building are, in order of structural importance, steel for the framework; concrete for floors and fireproofing, foundations, staircases, beams and lintels; metal of all sorts for railings, pipes, ducts, window frames, etc.; machinery for lifts, heating, ventilation, lighting; glass for windows; wood for doors and many coverings; and brick, tile or stone for outside casing. The last group of materials cannot technically be considered as structural elements because the building supports itself without their aid. And yet it is in terms of these outside materials that the building is designed; and since they have so little to do with the vital structure in steel or concrete, the design, at the expense of weighting the framework with a needless load of stone and brick, is forced to borrow the appearance of some past style in order to present a coherence. By this means it succeeds in being recognisable as architecture, and manages to suck a morsel of second-hand creative emotion from the lingering past. No wonder young men who have learnt to design in terms of the structure instead of the facade decline

to enter competitions for town halls, the judging of which is likely to be based on the time-worn formula!

It was the Dutch architect Berlage who said that you must live stylishly if you want a stylish architecture; which raises the next important question: What is *stylish living* for a town council? How is a town council to *want* vital architecture? It must first of all take as intelligent an interest in contemporary architecture as it does, say, in education, or as it is beginning to do in slum clearance. One feels, looking at the average town hall of the last few years, that councils wanted either a show of heavy magnificence, or something absolutely safe and gentlemanly—and recognisably English! You can hardly blame them, for the bankers wanted the same things. But if a town hall *built now* is to represent the civic spirit which we find arising in us everywhere, should it not reflect the same fine spirit of enquiry which causes us to build open-air schools because they are the modern, generous way of looking after our children; and hospitals in which we are prepared to sacrifice every old style for health and truth and the virtues that Florence Nightingale set store by sixty years ago? Should they not be as contemporary as our own determination to rid our towns of the dirt, muddle and misery which the last century brought them? All that is promised from these things is the measure of our *stylish living*. It requires but the recognition by receptive civic councillors that modern architecture is the child of these new great forces to change the course of civic architecture towards fullness and vitality.

Considered from the purely practical standpoint, how much



Town Hall, Liverpool

Photograph: Stewart Bale

we miss when we clothe the varied functions of a civic headquarters in the uniform livery of mock eighteenth-century architecture. For a town hall is first of all an office building with room after room of clerks sitting at desks that should be well lit by a clear line of windows. Then it is a council chamber, with its attendant committee rooms, a function set apart for the elected governors of the community, who require first and foremost a debating room that will not send back an echo, as the Council Chamber of the London County Hall does; and secondly, some recognition of the honour the citizens are prepared to do them in terms of costlier materials, but at no loss of efficiency. Then finally, it is a civic hall the uses of which should be most searchingly enquired into, so that we may

cease to build the clumsy and unscientific types of building based merely upon a stated seating capacity, and an assumption that citizens will gather there for unspecified purposes.

The architecture of the town hall should arise from the service of these various functions in the organisation of civic government. If it is to do so exactly and with lasting efficiency, then it must use modern materials according to the proper economy of each—steel for this thing; concrete for that thing; brick for another thing. The dignity and grandeur which we expect to find in a town hall will arise naturally and inevitably from a sincere and finely-conceived solution in these terms; and on this basis alone can we look forward to works of architecture to compare in imagination and power with the masterpieces of our cultured past.



Civic Centre, Southampton—Architect, Berry Webber

By courtesy of 'Building'



Civic Hall, Leeds—Architect, Vincent Harris

Photograph: Stewart Bale



Town Hall, Worthing—Architect, C. Cowles Voysey
Photograph: Sydney W. Newbery



Town Hall, Beckenham—Architects, Lanchester, Lucas and Lodge
By courtesy of the 'Architect and Building News'

*The Web of Thought and Action—I**A Ready-Made World*

Part of a Discussion between Professor H. LEVY and E. W. HALL

During the next twelve weeks Professor Levy (who holds the Chair of Mathematics at Imperial College, London) will interview various people—an engineer, an economist, a politician, a philosopher, a social historian, workers in many branches of science—in an attempt to work out a more or less connected picture of the world as a whole. This week Mr. E. W. Hall takes the part of the 'ordinary man'

PROFESSOR LEVY: In this series of talks I am undertaking a frightfully difficult job. It is no less than the unearthing of a philosophy of life—a philosophy which will give us an understanding of the way in which the world about us behaves, of its laws of behaviour, and of our laws of conduct in relation to it; and it must fit the one into the other as a united picture.

Now, if we have a rough idea of what we are after, how are we to refine it? Not, I suggest, by sitting in front of the fire with our feet on the mantelshelf, pipe in mouth, and pondering and pondering about life in general. You may possibly clarify some of your ideas in that way; but you cannot reach beyond your own limited experience. In trying to get a philosophy for you and for me, we want to reach beyond our individual selves. Unless we can compare information and experience with those of all sorts of other people, we shall never become aware that our individual view is coloured at all. When I talk of a philosophy of life therefore, I mean one that you and I and many others can all adopt, can all live, and can all feel to be an integral part of the life we lead.

The first step in our effort to see any philosophic sense in all the apparent craziness of the world about us is to collect our data, so that we may understand the human problem we are up against. So I am going to begin with a plain simple ordinary person, the man in the street, to find out what he questions, what he takes for granted, what is puzzling and worrying him, if he really cares seriously about anything; and if so, what he really cares about. As a matter of fact, when you get to know him, you will find he is a very queer fellow indeed; and so are you, if you only knew it. Later we will call in all the experts, and each of these, you will see, will turn out to be a queer fellow too. We will put them on the spot, and, when we have shot them to our heart's content, we will make an effort to unify, co-ordinate, interlock, the information we have got. If we are successful, we should be in a position finally to answer the questions and difficulties of our man in the street, and all those that follow him.

Now then, Mr. Hall! Would you mind beginning by telling me the sort of things you do in your daily work?

E. W. HALL: Certainly. I work on experimental wireless apparatus with one of the large electrical companies.

H. L.: I suppose you spend a good deal of time at the bench, do you? I wonder if you know where your bench came from.

E. W. H.: I know, of course, that it was made by carpenters, but I'm afraid I don't worry about where it came from.

H. L.: And what about your tools?

E. W. H.: Well, they were supplied by a firm of tool merchants, but, so long as they are of good quality, I don't pay much attention other than to looking after them.

H. L.: And now, when you get a job to do, are you and your fellow workers at all interested in where it comes from, apart from the person who simply hands it on to you? You see, what I am trying to discover is how far in the ordinary routine of your work you just take most of the situation for granted. Most of us do that. Here is this microphone in front of me. I haven't the least idea where it came from.

E. W. H.: That's the way with most things. I remember the first aeroplane I saw quite clearly, but nowadays a casual glance, perhaps, is all I give them. But coming to work, jobs are ordered and completed and then go to the factory. So long as there is plenty to do—that's what mostly matters.

H. L.: Now consider where your work goes to, what becomes of it. Do you worry about that?

E. W. H.: Well, it is interesting to know what happens to your work when it is passed on, and so to know that it is proving useful; but there is little encouragement to consider more than the job in hand. 'Suggestion boxes' for improvement of the company's service are installed in some firms' factories, but—I remember one—the rewards for suggestions are very poor in relation to the saving they sometimes make to the company.

H. L.: Well, supposing I told you that after you had toiled at this job it was going to be thrown into the sea or just broken up: would it make any difference to your feelings about it and the way you carried it out?

E. W. H.: If you told me before I started the job—yes. I shouldn't take much trouble over a thing like that. I wonder what fishermen think about it when their catch is thrown back into the sea. It seems a pity when there are many people starving!

H. L.: I see. So it would worry you if what I suggested were true. I wonder how far it is true. Don't you agree that most of us just assume that what we are doing plays an important part in this whole problem of supplying the community with its needs?

E. W. H.: Yes, I suppose we do, although we scarcely give a thought to it. If we really thought it was even largely wasted, I am afraid it would take the heart out of the job.

H. L.: I see. Now suppose what you are making is to be used for war purposes, would you be conscious of the fact that the shell or bullet, or whatever it was, would probably find a billet in a human being?

E. W. H.: If I was working on armaments I'm sure I shouldn't, but to kill any human being is the most terrible of all things to me; and particularly since I am married, with a young son of my own, I wouldn't willingly help in killing anybody.

H. L.: So we have swung suddenly straight on to a question of human values. You feel that human life is sacred above everything else. You've given a good deal of thought to this, haven't you?

E. W. H.: Well, yes I have, mainly because of the awful experience of going through the last War. That was enough to make anybody think. I was young and I suppose a bit 'soft' like lots of others, when I enlisted, and to be suddenly sent to a place where men of all kinds were butchered and lay rotting in 'no man's land' was a ghastly experience for a young fellow who was rather sensitive. It made me wonder what life was given us for.

H. L.: Do you use coal or gas or electric light in your house?

E. W. H.: That's a funny question. I don't see the connection. As a matter of fact, we use all three.

H. L.: And do you eat fish?

E. W. H.: Yes, certainly. But what are you getting at?

H. L.: Well, just this. Do you just take these things for granted as part of a social convenience you purchase in exchange for your labour, without perhaps realising that such things as coal and fish are got at a heavy expense in human life? So if you believe in the sanctity of the human being above all else, shouldn't you do without these things entirely?

E. W. H.: Well, the idea has occurred to me, but I haven't followed it out in detail. It raises all sorts of difficulties. People must use these things, but at the same time I feel strongly that it shouldn't be necessary to destroy people to get them.

H. L.: Well, I certainly sympathise with your feelings, but wouldn't it mean controlling storms at sea, accidents in collieries, etc., and a whole series of other things too?

E. W. H.: We could at any rate reduce it to a minimum, couldn't we?

H. L.: Agreed. But even if a minimum, it may still involve the destruction of human life. Even this broadcast talk uses up a great deal of current if we take into account all the listeners, and that means coal. I wonder how many lives it is worth. We just take these things for granted, don't we? Now you were talking about the lessons of the last War. Do you think it possible that wars are just necessary social inconveniences or social evils, or don't you? Perhaps you think they could be avoided.

E. W. H.: Well, of course, when a war breaks out, most people just take it as something unavoidable to be fought through. I don't feel that way about it. I have heard it stated that bankers are at the bottom of it all, and I don't think the mass of the people of any two civilised countries want war. It is forced on

them and they can't help themselves. Are we happier or better off for having won the last War? No. Financiers may be!

H. L.: Well, assuming that, as individuals what can you or your workmates do about it? Are you simply depending on someone else to settle it for you? Do you just take the world and its politicians and its bankers all for granted and trust them, as experts, to clean up the mess, and if they cannot and the war comes, don't you and your workmates just take that for granted, too?

E. W. H.: Yes, I suppose we do. Your questions make me begin to realise how much we do take for granted, in fact, it seems we all live in a kind of net. We can do very little individually, so we rely on these experts, though I don't think we really trust them; they so often prove to be wrong. They are not like expert engineers who deal with things—material things. The politicians and such like deal with human beings—and what human beings want war?

H. L.: But doesn't all this mean that you cannot in fact live the moral life you would want to live? You seem to have ideals about the value of various things in life, and yet, as you yourself just pointed out, other things seem to come in to make these ideals incapable of being carried out.

E. W. H.: Do you mean that my ideals must be wrong because they aren't practicable? I don't like that way of looking at things. It does seem to be worth while having these ideals in life even if we find we always fall short of them. And besides, the limitation is usually one of money.

H. L.: Oh, don't mistake me, I'm not suggesting that there isn't value in these things. But I was just wondering how far one just takes the truth of the ideal for granted and then if one can't live it, one blames the world for being wrong, and leaves it at that. Perhaps it's the wrong ideal if we human beings cannot practice it.

E. W. H.: Yes, but ordinary people are not the only ones who don't live up to their ideals. Look at the parsons. They preach the Brotherhood of Man, but you don't get the impression that they really mean it if you judge from the things they do. I think the payment of parsons is a bad thing. It puts them under the thumb of the people in their congregation who have the cash. They are rather condescending to the poor and ingratiating to the rich.

H. L.: That's a big generalisation and unfair to many parsons, isn't it?

E. W. H.: Oh, yes, some do stand out against it, I know, but it is a view that's fairly common among most workpeople.

H. L.: So you think parsons shouldn't be paid for their work.

E. W. H.: Well, it does seem to me a pity that clergymen—and also many others—are influenced in the way they do their jobs by the fact that they have got to get their bread and butter.

H. L.: Now let me understand your criticism exactly. You and your friends feel that people who have to preach ideals ought not to depend on their congregations, particularly the wealthier members of their flock, for their wages?

E. W. H.: Yes, that; but more than that I think. If the Church really believes in what it preaches, and we don't disagree with the ideals, it never seems to show it in the big chances that are offered to it. Take the War for instance. Wasn't it just the time for the Churches as a whole to stand out for the Brotherhood of Man? Instead of this, the help of the Churches was brought in to back up the nations on both sides.

H. L.: I see. Your criticism amounts to this. That if we take the Church as an institution and examine its behaviour, its actions, especially on the great issues, belie the principles for which it professes to stand.

E. W. H.: Exactly.

H. L.: There are some people who maintain that what a person believes can be discovered from his behaviour. You would simply say that their beliefs and their actions exist separately in watertight compartments.

E. W. H.: Yes, I think they do. You can see it again in the belief in an after-life. Most people's lives are not affected much by that belief.

H. L.: Well, I'm interested to hear you say so. Is that attitude of yours fairly common?

E. W. H.: Oh, yes, fairly. I've sometimes discussed it with my friends and we have agreed it was so, though at the same time there is a sort of fear of death.

H. L.: I am sure their ideas about the next life must alter their ideas of what is important to do in this world.

E. W. H.: Generally I think people only really worry about an after-life when they are taken very seriously ill. I'd rather

say this—let's get the pressing practical problems of this life settled and we shall then be in a better position to tackle those of the next.

H. L.: Well, isn't that simply stating that your view of the problems of the next life, if any, suggests that those here are more important? All the same, I can hardly believe that that attitude is really shared by all your friends.

E. W. H.: No, not all. Broadly speaking, I should say that in the main the black-coated workers I move among go to church because they think they ought to and aren't very critical of it all. The artisan type, on the other hand, are much more critical of things like church practices but do not discuss dogmas or doctrines. Speaking for myself, it just seems crazy that intelligent men should have to argue whether or not a lady preacher should be allowed to speak from a pulpit. In general, however, religion is rather a tabooed subject for conversation. They are much more keen on football and dog-racing and the pictures.

H. L.: But when they do express themselves you say that is the attitude they adopt. Is that shared by their wives and children?

E. W. H.: Oh goodness, no. They send their children off to Sunday School and just perhaps occasionally will go to church with their wives. Often, of course, the children are sent off to Sunday School just to keep them occupied or to get them out of the way, if they live in a small house.

H. L.: So they also live in watertight compartments. When they do profess they profess something different from the way they behave. Now tell me this. You know that in the past few years there has been much to-do about science and religion. For example, it is asserted that Space and Time are not really distinct entities, but a four-dimensional continuum; that the Universe is not of fixed or even approximately fixed size, but is continually expanding at an incredible pace; that the Universe is gradually passing to a state of heat uniformity which must mean the death of everything. And interpreting all this, some scientific writers have asserted that all this exposes hitherto unsuspected mysticism in the Universe, and that it must have had a creator with a striking resemblance to a pure mathematician. Tell me, what sort of effect, if any, does this all have on the layman?

E. W. H.: He accepts it, of course, but without any idea of understanding it, especially if the writer is an expert; but it doesn't mean much to him really. He just classes it as another one of these mysteries that he thinks science is continually discovering. I don't think he worries tuppence about it, even if he has a faint idea of what it is all about.

H. L.: Yes, but does he think it means anything in practice?

E. W. H.: No: it's just a mystery to him. I'm afraid the four-dimensional continuum is just as understandable to me as the language of the Eskimos.

H. L.: Now take the philosopher who writes about it and tries to interpret it.

E. W. H.: He certainly never pays any attention to *him*.

H. L.: I see. Suppose he were told that there are full-grown men who spend their lives discussing such questions as whether the 'Universe exists properly so called', what would be their attitude?

E. W. H.: They'd certainly think it a waste of time, and would probably say that a bit of hard graft might cure them of that.

H. L.: They would not see anything very important in it?

E. W. H.: No, they certainly wouldn't see that, I'm sure. They would probably think they were a bit off!

H. L.: I see. Now supposing they were reminded that they pay for such philosophers out of their taxes, what do you think they would say?

E. W. H.: I am sure they have never thought of it that way. They take the existence of these people for granted, and assume they are paid. But I think they would say the money would be better employed in feeding starving children.

H. L.: What you mean is that they take this world with all its queerinesses for granted, but don't feel that they have any personal responsibility for it. It isn't theirs, in fact.

E. W. H.: That's it. It's somebody else's job, and they suppose there must be some explanation. It's a part of life they can't take part in and nothing they can say or do will alter it.

H. L.: Now that's very interesting, because I'm pretty certain it's very common. If we do not see eye to eye with another person about the things he values, we are inclined to assume the other is just queer and we are quite normal, and that the thing that interests him can have no value. Compare the manual worker with the black-coated worker, for instance. There must

be many things that the one class values that are of no interest to the other.

E. W. H.: Yes, generally that is so. Music, books and plays are valued by more of the black-coated workers, whereas football, the films and trade unionism are favoured by manual workers. There are exceptions though, and many things, such as football, the films and gambling, are enjoyed by both classes, but in different ways. The difference isn't easy to explain. Manual workers are often sharper-witted, show their feelings and are more spontaneous in enjoying things. The difference is usually shown in a sort of self-consciousness or class-consciousness.

H. L.: What you are telling me in fact is that sectional classes show their differences not merely in relation to the nature of the jobs they do and the payment they get, but in relation to the ways they spend their leisure. The cultural outlook also is different to some extent in these classes.

E. W. H.: Yes, they value the same things differently, and they spend their spare energies on different things. Personally, I feel that many of these things are rather overrated.

H. L.: You mean you have ideals about the sort of things one might do with one's leisure. What are they?

E. W. H.: Well, it's rather a big question. With modern high speed machinery I think a five-day thirty-hour week with higher wages and longer holidays would solve the unemployment problem, and ought to be possible. If I had that I'd be able to give more time and money to my garden. I'd like to travel a bit with my wife and young son and mix with foreigners and see how they live. I'd like to give my youngster a better education and I'd like to do more reading. Also I would spend more time and money on decorating and furnishing my house and go to the cinema and theatre more often—but unless the present system of things is changed quickly all this is rather impossible. With the present bad way things are run and this what they call economic depression, I'm likely to get less money and probably no more leisure than now.

H. L.: Tell me what you feel is wrong with the world.

E. W. H.: It strikes me that the main trouble with the world is one of money. When I see fellows I know, out of a job, having to go without necessities for their families and themselves, while in the shops there are plenty of all these things for sale, I feel there must be a lot wrong with the world. And look at the waste that goes on. I read in the paper a little while ago that over a million pigs were destroyed in America. Then another instance; some little while ago I read that a 'bus company had men from universities among its regular conductors! What use is most of the knowledge they gained to them in that sort of job? Why can't some of the philosophers you spoke of, or the scientists, think out a scheme whereby the people could get the things they need and do the things they want to do, and then get the government to put it into force? Then these philosophers and mathematicians would have done a really useful job which would be readily understood by the majority of us.

H. L.: Good. Thank you, Mr. Hall.

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In trying to extract from this rambling conversation those points that seem essential for our analysis, let me remind you of one or two guiding principles I set out tentatively at the beginning. I said that you were likely to find that with a great deal of what Mr. Hall said most of us would agree. And I suggested that these aspects, these characteristics if you like, of the individual with whom I was talking, so revealed, must be regarded as common or social characteristics of us all. Look at the extent, for instance, to which he and his fellow workmen accepted the ready-made-ness of the world in which they live: We all do this. We all expect the routine supply of milk at the door-step in the morning, the newspaper through the letterbox, the electric light appearing when you press a switch. We accept the routine organisation of the community just as we accept its brick buildings and footpaths. We rarely think of their history, who made them, and who will feel urged to change them.

But it is not only the routine, and the solid physical things of the world we accept without question. We also accept its ready-made ideas. If you belong to a section of the community that for one reason or another is not interested in philosophy, then you regard its study as a sign of mental aberration. If you are a scientist you wonder how people can live intelligently without a knowledge of science. If you are a worker in a factory you do not require to be convinced by any theoretical discussion that trade unionism is an important thing. All these classes have satisfied themselves in their world of practice of their value and importance. And what seems to be suggested already at this stage is

that this separation of groups of ideas with their special importance for special classes seems to follow closely the separation of groups of people into different types of work. That is to say, the ideas of a class or group and the relative importance attached to them are closely interlocked with the practice of that class or group. In this connection Mr. Hall made a very significant remark when he asserted that people's beliefs about the next world scarcely affected their practice in this. That is a matter we shall have to look into closely. It raises rather an important issue; what tests are we to take for the existence and validity of a belief? Are we to say that individuals hold certain beliefs to be true when they act as if they were true? If this test is taken, then we should be able to deduce the beliefs of an individual or of a party from its practice. Or are we simply to accept the words of the individual or the words of the spokesman that such and such are its beliefs, whether action fits them or not? Let me make it more specific. Mr. Hall suggested an example in the Church. Now supposing we study the way the bishops in the House of Lords have voted on issues involving vital questions, child labour, war, education, etc., and try to deduce what were the beliefs of the Church of England, I wonder what sort of a picture we should get. I suggest you try it and compare it with the verbal professions of these men. I have not singled out bishops in this connection because I think they are particularly suitable for this purpose. Try it with political leaders and political parties. Try it with scientists and historians, who profess to be impartial and unbiased. There is a real difficulty involved in all this, and that difficulty is partly associated with the meaning of the word 'belief', partly in the test which is to be applied to examine their nature. Is the word 'belief' to represent an idea which fits a practice, or are we to allow the word to be used for those ideas which a person says he holds whether it squares with action or not. I propose to take the former use of the word and would almost prefix to the word 'behaviour' the adjective 'believing'. 'By their fruits ye shall know them'.

And now let me turn to another matter. Mr. Hall pointed out that the writings of scientific men proved to most laymen how mysterious were the workings of nature. This was not because the laymen understood the writings and saw precisely where the mystery, if any, lay, but rather because the writers themselves were men of eminence in science who asserted that *they* had discovered mystery in it. That is a very peculiar thing. In the past we have all regarded scientific investigation as a method of explaining the workings of nature and removing the mysterious from it. A great deal of the conflict of last century between science and religion was associated with the scientific banishment of these sources of mystery. Put alongside this the picture Mr. Hall drew us of the scepticism or indifference of the layman to religious dogma and religious beliefs, and we see an indifferent lay public accepting its mysticism not from the Church but from men of science.

Now all this has a simple enough lesson; it is associated with what I would call the 'problem of explanation'. In the first instance, people apparently try to explain things, that is try to find a sort of law and order in things in terms they feel they know best, the world they work in and live in.

If, however, there is no explanation in action in their restricted field, if the source lies outside their range, they say it is 'mysterious' or 'crazy'. There is another type of person who is not satisfied with these shallow explanations and who attempts therefore to construct an understandable world on the borderland of his own which will bring law and order into it. It is an explanation in terms of ideas. We shall probably meet this frequently; but we shall have to see whether they simply represent ideals about the kind of world we should like to see possible. In seeking explanations we shall be concerned not only with an explanation in words, but the ideas the words stand for, and the practice the ideas reflect. They are all interlocked, but I suspect the practice is 'basic'; we shall see. After all, the people who have been most responsible for constructing the ready-made side of the world we live in, *i.e.*, the scientific engineers, should also have some rather cogent things to say. So the next person we shall tackle will be an engineer; over and above this we shall have to look closely at this problem of the mysteries of science that so many people seem to fall back on to explain other mysteries. And we shall have to see whether a philosophy is really as useless and as silly as many people suppose. Finally, we seem to have dug up the fact that different classes of people do value the same thing differently. It will need a good deal more examination, and quite a large number of experts in these various fields will have to be made to talk, but we will watch these experts very carefully to see if we can spot their restricted views, their coloured vision.

Queen Elizabeth's Subjects—II

Sir Philip Sidney

By Dr. G. B. HARRISON

AMONGST the subjects of Queen Elizabeth not many were idealists; but there were plenty of flatterers. Literary persons, especially at a time when patrons and not royalties rewarded their labours, were expert at praising the living with lively expectation of gratitude to come; but their praises of Sir Philip Sidney were chiefly heard when he was dead. Merely to praise gave distinction. He was the perfect English Gentleman, and, like all perfect things, unique; and when he died it seemed that England had lost something whose like would never be seen again. Yet when the facts of Sidney's biography are closely examined, there is little that sets him apart so far from the other great men of that remarkable age. Certainly, in everything he did, he excelled. As Spenser expressed it:—

In wrestling nimble, and in running swift,
In shooting steady, and in swimming strong;
Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
And all the sports that shepherds are among.
In every one he vanquished everyone,
He vanquished all, and vanquished was of none.

But mere athletic prowess is not enough. He wrote a long formless romance called *Arcadia*—much read for a generation, but few moderns, even those with an omnivorous digestion for Elizabethan literature, can bear with it to the end. He wrote a sequence of sonnets called 'Astrophel and Stella' which, in their own kind, are unsurpassed. He wrote the first serious work of critical theory in English—*The Defence of Poesy*, but it is not particularly original, and the theories are mostly discarded. He took a small part in affairs of state; and when he died of wounds received in an insignificant battle he was given a magnificent funeral.

Others in that age did more; but none of them aroused this peculiar exaltation amongst their contemporaries, which is not at all confined to poets. The most remarkable testimony comes from one who was a hard-headed man of affairs—Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who, in his old age, wrote a biography, or rather a critical appreciation of Sidney, in this same spirit of veneration.

It follows that with Sidney—unlike most famous men—the man was greater than the achievement: he was in himself a most rare piece of Nature's handiwork. He had that indefinable quality which is suggested, but not comprehended, in such words as 'grace', 'charm', 'beauty', 'nobility'—which seldom survive the man, or at farthest, those who knew him. With Philip Sidney we can still see this peculiar quality which pervades what he did, what he said, and what he wrote. He was not a typical Elizabethan. They admired him, almost with worship, because he was so different from themselves.

Philip Sidney was born a courtier into that inner circle from which statesmen came in the sixteenth century. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, began his Court employment as Gentleman of the Bedchamber and personal friend of the young King Edward VI, and in 1551 he married the Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of the ambitious Duke of Northumberland who was responsible for the tragedy of Lady Jane Grey and his own. Philip was their first child, and was born on November 30, 1554, his godparents being Philip the Second, King of Spain

(and at that time King of England also), the Earl of Bedford, and the now widowed Duchess of Northumberland.

With the accession of Queen Elizabeth in 1558, the Sidney family continued to prosper. Lady Mary (who was a great beauty) was a personal friend of the Queen, and was commanded to Court, but not for long, for in nursing the Queen during an epidemic of smallpox she caught the disease herself, and her beauty was so marred by its scars that she retired as much as possible into private life.

Sir Henry was made Lord President of Wales, one of the most important administrative posts, for the Welsh at this time were half independent and wholly lawless. As a result, Philip Sidney was sent to school at Shrewsbury with Fulke Greville. He was now ten, and a very serious little boy, 'with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace, and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind; so as even the teachers found something in him to observe and learn, above that which they had usually read or taught'. Four years later—he was not quite fourteen—he went up to Christ Church, Oxford. Already he was attracting notice and affection insomuch that both the great Earl of Leicester, his uncle, and Sir William Cecil, Lord Burghley, were jealously competing for his friendship.

The next stage in his education was foreign travel. In his eighteenth year he was attached to the embassy of the Earl of Lincoln who was sent to Paris to ratify a treaty. In Paris again he attracted notice. The French King made him Gentleman of his Bedchamber. He was soon a friend of Henri of Navarre; but before he had been in Paris two months he saw the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve; and so, with the help of Sir Francis Walsingham, then Ambassador-in-Ordinary at Paris,

he went on to Frankfurt, and thence to Heidelberg, Strasbourg and Vienna. His travels continued to Venice and Padua. All the time he was mixing with learned men, and learning himself, Italian, French and Greek. He came home at last, having made so great a European reputation that (according to one story) his name was afterwards proposed as King of Poland.

Philip Sidney's education was now finished, and the next step was to give him some responsible work. Early in 1576—he was now in his twenty-second year—he was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to Prague to condole with the Emperor Rudolph on the death of his father, and to congratulate him on his accession. It was a ceremonious occasion and very little more, though Sidney on his way visited the Courts of the German Princes. As before, he impressed all who met him. At Heidelberg the Prince John Casimir wanted him for brother-in-law; so did William of Orange; but nothing came of either proposal, and he returned to England.

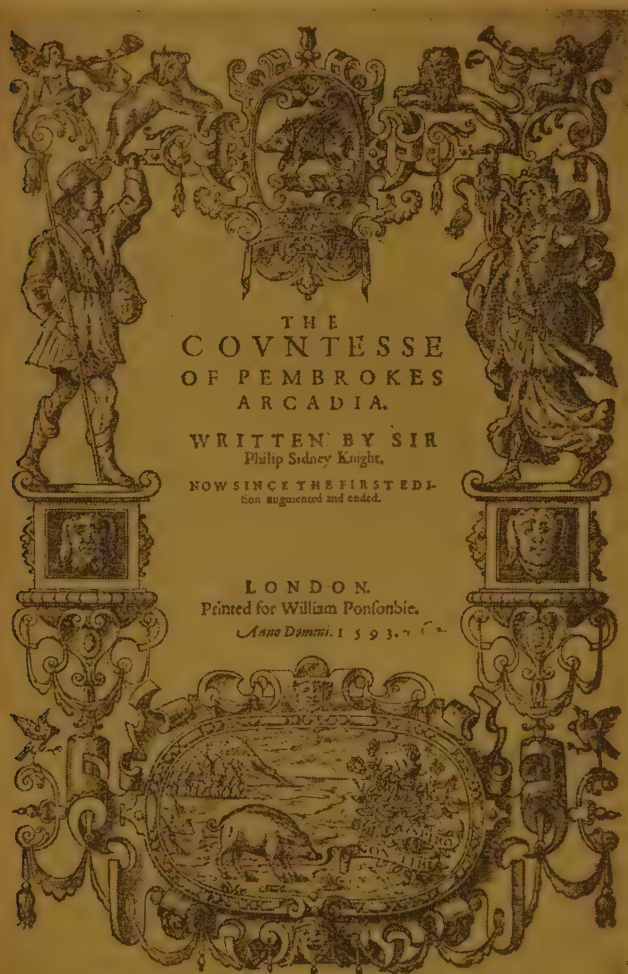
In the next few years he wrote those works by which he is still remembered. The most important is the collection of sonnets and lyrics called 'Astrophel and Stella' which was not published till four years after his death. It was then read avidly—anything that Sidney wrote was sure of a public, but his collection was infinitely greater than anything which had



Contemporary miniature of Sir Philip Sidney by Isaac Oliver

Topical Press

appeared for the last fifty years. For the poems are very charming and skilful, personal and intimate; and they told a story, well known to many, of Sidney's hopeless love for Penelope Devereux, now unhappily Lady Rich. It was rather a pathetic story. When Penelope was aged fourteen, she was proposed as a suitable match for Sidney. Marriages in those days were arranged for the parties, and at the earliest possible moment. Sidney was not greatly attracted, and the proposal



Title page of the first folio of Sidney's *Arcadia*
British Museum

was dropped. A husband was found for Penelope in Lord Rich, whom she loathed. When Sidney next met her, he fell violently in love, but it was now too late. They met at Court, and they parted.

Not all the poems came from the heart; some of them were little more than exercises or translations, but Sidney knew from experience that, however much a poet may borrow words from others, the emotion must first be felt in his own heart. It was almost a fresh discovery, for the poets of his generation—he was ahead of the great flowering of Elizabethan lyric poetry—mostly looked for their inspiration in the work of their predecessors. The best of Sidney's sonnets are well known: few anthologies omit the 39th, beginning 'Come, Sleep; O Sleep! the certain knot of peace'.

The result, immediate and obvious, of the publication of 'Astrophel and Stella', was that every poet with a mistress, or a muse, tripped off to the printer with his sheaf of sonnets, immediately inspired with the great example; and amongst them Drayton, Spenser and Shakespeare.

Then there was Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, written probably in 1580, when he spent some months with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, at Wilton, near Salisbury. The year before one Stephen Gosson, one of those noisy self-righteous people who suspect sin behind every haystack, had published a little pamphlet called *The School of Abuse*, which contained, as he put it, 'a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters and such-like caterpillars of the commonwealth, setting up the flag of defiance to their mischievous exercise and overthrowing their bulwarks by profane writers, natural reason, and common experience'. In this strain Gosson went on to

lament the good old days before Englishmen had grown effeminate, and to abuse players, poets, dancers and singers for the universal degeneracy of the manners, morals and manhood of Elizabethan Englishmen. Gosson had the supreme stupidity to dedicate the thing to Sir Philip Sidney himself. Sidney therefore set about answering Gosson—not directly, for the only direct answer to his kind is a handful of luscious mud—but with perfect manners he displayed the arguments (such as would appeal to his contemporaries) to show that the poet from the first had honour as a prophet, and that morality owed more to him than to the historian or the philosopher, for the poet 'cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well enchanting skill of music; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale that holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner'. The final answer to the critics was that Sidney himself was a poet.

For the next two years, Sidney had little opportunity of distinction. He lived as a courtier without appointment or salary, and he was without means. The Queen did not, or would not, give him his chance, and the Sidneys were in less favour than before. In 1583 he married the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, a lady born for sorrow, for she afterwards married the luckless Earl of Essex. Sidney was now more involved in politics, and employed on various missions of minor importance. The next year he planned to go with Drake on his voyage to the West, but Drake had no enthusiasm for such a partner, and at the last moment Sidney was recalled to Court.

By this time Queen Elizabeth was helping the Dutch in their revolt against Philip of Spain, and towards the end of 1585 Sidney was sent out to be Governor of Flushing. About a year later Sidney was in the fighting before Zutphen. It was quite an unimportant action. The Spaniards sent a convoy to provision the town. The Earl of Leicester, who was in command, decided to stop it if he could. It was a morning of thick autumn fog. As Sidney rode out of camp, he noted that the Marshal of the Camp was not wearing his thigh pieces, and being unwilling to appear better protected, he threw away his own. When the fog lifted, the convoy was seen with its escort of cavalry, musketeers and pikemen. The English cavalry charged again and again. Sidney had one horse shot under him, but in the last charge he was hit in the unprotected thigh above the knee, and the bone was broken. His horse bolted away from the firing, and carried him back to the place where Leicester was watching the action; and here—to follow Greville again—'being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the same bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered to the poor soldier, with these words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine" And when he had pledged this poor soldier he was presently carried to Arnheim'.

At first it was generally believed that the wound, though severe, was not fatal, but after a few days it turned septic. He prepared himself for death, made his will, and on the afternoon of October 17, 1586, he died.

'Indeed he was a true model of worth; a man fit for conquest, plantation, reformation, or what action soever is greatest, and hardest among men: withal, such a lover of mankind and goodness, that whosoever had any real parts, in him found comfort, participation and protection to the uttermost of his power; like Zephyrus he giving life where he blew. The Universities abroad, and at home, accounted him a general Mæcenæ of Learning; dedicated their books to him; and communicated every invention or improvement of knowledge with him. Soldiers honoured him, and were so honoured by him, as no man thought he marched under the true banner of Mars, that had not obtained Sir Philip Sidney's approbation. Men of affairs in most parts of Christendom, entertained correspondence with him. But what speak I of these, with whom his own ways, and ends did concur? Since (to descend) his heart, and capacity were so large, that there was not a cunning painter, a skilful engineer, an excellent musician, or any other artificer of extraordinary fame, that made not himself known to this famous spirit, and found him his true friend without hire'.

These again are Greville's words; but his most poignant tribute is briefer. On his own tomb in the church at Warwick he caused this inscription to be carved: 'Fulke Greville: Servant to Queen Elizabeth: Councillor to King James: Friend to Sir Philip Sidney'.

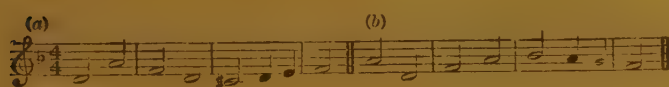
The Listener's Music

The Art of Fugue

Bach's *Art of Fugue* will be played in the Foundations of Music from April 30 to May 7 by Mr. C. H. Trevor (organ), the Charles Woodhouse String Quartet, and Mr. Berkeley Mason and Mr. Ernest Lush (harpsichords)

A TECHNICAL discussion of the Art of Fugue would fill a book—in fact, it actually does fill one by Professor Tovey*; and even his masterly analysis is for the expert musician rather than for the layman, and can be followed only by constant reference to the score†. What, then, can be done in a single page to put the reader in touch with this immense and abstruse creation? An attempt at analysis is clearly out of the question; all one can do is to give a simple description of the work, followed by a few words on its origin, and a few more on its vicissitudes and ultimate recognition.

The Art of Fugue is a series of twenty-one fugues and canons on this subject—a tiny seed for so mighty a growth (a):



In some form or other, this theme appears in every movement.

As to the origin of the Art of Fugue: On Sunday, May 7, 1747, Bach, on a visit to Berlin, went to Potsdam to pay his respects to Frederick the Great. The King—a keen flautist—was engaged in one of the domestic concerts that helped him to pass the time when he was not making war. On the visitor being announced, 'Gentlemen, old Bach is here!' Frederick exclaimed. The concert stopped, and Bach was set to try his hand on the new Silberman pianofortes recently installed. In the course of his performance, he delighted and astonished the company by improvising a six part fugue on a subject given him by Frederick. On his arrival home at Leipzig, Bach took Frederick's subject, developed from it a series of fugues and other movements (tactfully including a sonata for the royal flute) and exactly two months after his visit to Potsdam sent the work to Frederick, entitling it 'A Musical Offering'.

The composition of the 'Offering' evidently set him thinking of a work on similar but even more severe and profound lines, written on a subject of his own—one better designed for such extended and complex use than the royal theme. Accordingly, in 1749 he wrote the greater part of the Art of Fugue. He died in 1750, leaving the final Fugue unfinished, the manuscript only partly prepared for the engraver, and the sequence of numbers not clearly settled.

Here is the plan of the Art of Fugue (the order varies with different editions: I have used that which will be followed in the broadcast): Nos. 1 and 2, straightforward examples of the form; 3 and 4 are on the subject (b), which is (a) turned upside down ('fugue by inversion' is the technical term‡). No. 5 is a fugue by contrary motion; i.e., the subject is used in both positions, right side up and upside down. No. 6 is also in contrary motion, and is entitled 'In stile Francese'—a reference to the dotted notes and short runs that were a feature in the French overtures of Lully and others. No. 7 is a fugue by augmentation and diminution, the subject appearing in two forms, one in notes of double, the other in notes of half, the original length. In No. 8 the plot thickens with a three part triple fugue, that is, a fugue on three subjects, all of which may be used as treble, middle part, or bass; the third of these subjects is the original theme, Ex. (a), inverted, and in crotchets, broken by rests; No. 9 is a double fugue at the twelfth, i.e., a four part fugue on two subjects in what is known as counterpoint at the twelfth above (a species of writing in which a lower part may be used as an upper part, not at the octave above, but at the twelfth, the original subject does not appear until midway, the fugue opening with a fine bold new subject, starting with a rapid descending scale). No. 10, also on a new subject, is similar in plan, but here the counterpoint is at the tenth and the original subject, its

rhythm altered, appears later by inversion; No. 11 is a triple fugue on the original subject in its broken crotchet form, first heard midway in No. 6; Nos. 12 and 13 are fugues 'rectus et inversus', i.e. they are so designed as to be playable both right way up and upside down. (This really is a stunt!) Then follow a canon by augmentation and contrary motion, in which the second or answering part is the first in notes of double length and upside down; a canon in the octave, the answering part repeating the first an octave below; a canon in the tenth, the 'answer' being in the tenth above; a canon in the twelfth, the 'answer' a twelfth above (all these canons are on altered forms of Ex. (a) and (b)) and finally an unfinished fugue on three subjects—a gigantic torso of which Bach had completed 238 bars when he was seized by the illness that proved fatal. Some of the canons are admittedly ingenious rather than musical, but the beauty of the fugues as a whole is so great that we need not grudge Bach his delight in the exhibition of sheer skill—which, after all, has a beauty of its own, like a mathematical problem neatly solved.

The fate of this astounding work has been strange and chequered. The original edition, supervised by Emanuel Bach, was full of mistakes. The sale was poor. Emanuel lowered the price from five thalers to four, and brought out a new edition at the Leipzig Book Fair in 1752. But the work still hung fire, only about thirty copies being sold in four years! Emanuel then gave it up as a bad job, and advertised the plates for sale as old iron, so to speak. A few good judges saw a masterpiece in the despised work, but until a few years ago the Art of Fugue, though accessible in reasonably good editions, was still misunderstood. It was regarded as a purely theoretical treatise, mere 'eye music'—apparently because Bach set it out in open score, named no instruments, and used the term 'contrapunctus' instead of 'fugue' for the separate numbers.

A word should be said concerning the final fugue. The fact of the three subjects being new (one was on Bach's own name—the notes B flat which the Germans call B; A, C, and B natural, H in Germany) led to the supposition that the movement was not a part of the Art of Fugue, but an independent work included by mistake. Subsequent research has shown that the original subject can be fitted into the texture, and there is no doubt that Bach's intention was to round off the Art of Fugue with a huge example in which the final section (which he had almost reached) should consist of a triumphant combination of the three new subjects with the one that had already been so marvellously developed. This final fugue has been completed by Nottebohm, Riemann, and Busoni, and recently by Professor Tovey, whose conclusion is so masterly that we may imagine Bach himself delighting in it.

How is the Art of Fugue to be approached by the ordinary listener? I suggest that he will best regard it as pure music. The description of the various movements given above is for the benefit of readers who can profit from it, but, save for a few pages (in the canons especially) the Art of Fugue is music— austere, grand and noble in feeling. It made a profound impression when performed in its entirety at Queen's Hall, and there is no reason to doubt that, taken in small portions, its appeal will be less when broadcast. The reader should note that its performance in the Foundations of Music will extend into a second week, the final incomplete fugue, followed by Bach's deathbed composition, the organ prelude on the hymn 'Before Thy Throne I come', being played on Monday, May 7. This organ piece was included in the original edition by mistake—happily, for its simple and devout strains make a singularly touching epilogue to a work that is now seen to be among the greatest products of the human intellect and imagination.

HARVEY GRACE

*A Companion to the Art of Fugue (Oxford University Press, 5s.)

†Die Kunst der Fuge, edited and completed by Donald F. Tovey (Oxford University Press, 75s.). The cheap edition of Riemann, though less good, will meet the listener's needs

‡A glance at the example will show that inversion was not merely a 'stunt' but a fruitful and entirely musical device. It presented the original in a new aspect (see how in (b) the insistence is on the dominant A instead of the tonic D), and the keen upward rising C sharp is replaced by the blunt downward pushing B flat) and at the same time preserved unity. The device is peculiar to music: no other art can increase its resources by presenting its material upside down

League of Nations Health Work

By Dr. MELVILLE MACKENZIE

Dr. Melville Mackenzie is a Medical Officer of the Health Section of the League of Nations, and was formerly a Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, London

I WANT to take you back to Poland at the time immediately after the War when the whole of Eastern Poland was lined with trenches and covered with barbed wire. She had just got her complete independence, and thousands of refugees were pouring back each day from Soviet Russia. All were heavily infected with typhus fever. Typhus fever has nothing to do with typhoid fever, but is a very fatal disease and is carried by lice. There was urgent danger in Europe with her vast under-nourished population, as a result of the War, that the disease would be widely introduced by these refugees. Something had, therefore, to be done urgently in order to avoid persons coming from Russia carrying infected lice mixing with persons carrying uninfected lice in the rest of Europe, and for this purpose an International Epidemic Commission was created by the governments of Europe. The work of this Commission eventually stopped the ingress of the disease into Europe by doing to the peasants what many of you will remember as the process of 'de-lousing' before they were allowed to return into Poland.

The peasants were returning chiefly by train—men, women and children crowded together in cattle trucks, and pouring across the frontier in thousands each day. Each train as it arrived at the Polish frontier was stopped, all the refugees made to strip and leave their clothes in bundles in the railway wagons. Each individual was then made to take a bath with hot water, soap and paraffin, which kills lice. A long tunnel had previously been dug under the ground and railway lines laid down in the tunnel. Whilst the peasants were bathing, the whole train was backed down the slope into the tunnel, uncoupled from the engine, the doors of the tunnel closed, and prussic acid gas liberated in the tunnel in order to kill all the lice in the blankets and clothing. The train was afterwards hauled out of the tunnel, and the now clean peasants proceeded on their journey into Poland. A number of such stations were created so as to form a cordon right across Europe on the Russian frontier. A similar danger at the same time existed in Greece, where 750,000 refugees from Asia Minor were arriving with smallpox, cholera and typhoid fever raging amongst them. These diseases were controlled by the Epidemic Commission by means of inoculations, over 550,000 being inoculated with vaccine.

It was the success of this work in preventing diseases from entering Europe from Russia and Asia Minor that perhaps first showed, in the most practical manner, the immediate need for close co-operation between the various governments in the

control of epidemics in the field. In 1923 the Epidemic Commission was absorbed into the then recently formed Health Organisation of the League. This consists in the first place of a Health Committee, composed of the heads of a number of national health services and other experts, and, secondly, of a number of executive medical officers of different nationalities, drawn from the health services of various countries, and working in liaison with their governments.

At about this time, and again owing to the movements of troops and populations during the War, Europe was suffering from widespread malaria. I saw an interesting example of how this occurred in Russia in 1922 during the famine, when thousands of surviving men and women fled from the Volga Valley, where there was no food, down to Samarkand in Turkestan to buy wheat a thousand miles away. In Turkestan the survivors of this terrible journey found wheat, but they became infected with malignant malaria. When, in the following year, the famine conditions were improved, the refugees began to return from Turkestan to their homes in the Volga Valley, some thousand miles distant. Upon their return the whole Valley of the Volga suffered from a most terrible epidemic of malignant malaria, which, until then, was a disease unknown in this part of Russia.

For the first time the mosquitoes in their homes were infected with malignant malaria, and the disease has remained, and will remain, in the newly infected regions. Malaria not only makes the sufferers very ill, but it establishes a vicious circle. The more malaria there is in a country the less wheat is planted, as the population is too weak to plough, and the population becomes more under-nourished in consequence. More malaria occurs and still less ploughing is done. It was urgently necessary to do something to break this vicious circle, especially in Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Yugoslavia, and to introduce into these coun-

tries the methods of dealing with malaria that were already used in tropical countries. A Malaria Commission consisting of well-known experts on malaria, who had had experience in India, Africa, the Dutch East Indies and elsewhere, was established by the Health Organisation to study the best existing practical methods of malaria control, and to visit afterwards the countries in Europe where malaria had broken out, in order to advise their governments as to the steps to be taken against it. With the gradual disappearance of widespread epidemic malaria in Europe, and the re-sowing of the crops of Eastern Europe, the first piece of the work of this Commission came to an end. The work of the Malaria Commission continues, but is now



In a malarial district of Siam, investigated by the Malaria Commission of the League of Nations

Above: A frequented canal, where the tides, and the active boat traffic, keep the water fairly free from malaria-carrying mosquitoes. Below: one of the reaches of stagnant brackish water where mosquitoes breed readily

Illustrations from the Quarterly Bulletin of the Health Organisation of the League of Nations

concerned with the co-ordination of research work in various countries where malaria is prevalent.

I should like to give some idea of how the work of the Malaria Commission has now developed. In a recent enquiry ninety-three Health Administrations of malarial countries co-operated, representing three-quarters of the population of the whole world, and covering the treatment last year of no fewer than one-and-a-half million cases of malaria. This figure gives some idea of the gravity of the disease, both from a humanitarian and an economical point of view. Just think for a moment of the huge extent of the world where malaria exists. From the dark tropical forests of South and Central America and Africa to the huge grass plains of Europe and Asia, from the yellow, muddy reaches of the Mississippi to the floating reed islands of the Delta of the Danube, amongst white, yellow, black and brown peoples indiscriminately—always, speaking broadly, the same disease, but with minor differences depending on the different kinds of parasites and upon local climatic and social conditions. The Malaria Commission, representing all the various schools of malariology, is able to pool information and experience acquired by experts all over the world. There are certain research problems, moreover, in connection with malaria, which cannot be studied except on international lines.

Some forms of malaria, for example, are highly dangerous in one country and mild in another. Cross experiments are, therefore, necessary, and can only be done through a co-ordinating international centre.

A further problem that is dealt with by the Health Organisation of the League is the work in connection with the control of plague, cholera and smallpox in the Far East. This piece of work is of the very greatest importance to Great Britain as a sea-faring nation with shipping all over the world, and with our possessions in the East.

A branch office of the Health Organisation was opened at Singapore under the control of an Advisory Council, including representatives of the heads of the public health services of the various countries of the East. The governments in East Africa, India, the Malay States, the Dutch East Indies, China, Japan, Australia, French Indo-China, the Philippines, the Islands of the South Pacific, Siam, etc., now transmit to the Singapore office weekly a statement of the number of cases of serious infectious disease occurring in each port in their country during the preceding week.

Based on this report a weekly broadcast is made by wireless through the Dutch Government station at Malabar in Java in code and from the Government station at Saigon, Indo-China, in clear. This wireless message gives the ports infected with plague, cholera or smallpox in the preceding week, and also notifications received from steamers of cases of infectious disease occurring on board at sea. This wireless message is sent out on short and long waves all over the East, from the Suez Canal to the Panama Canal and from Vladivostok to Melbourne, every Friday and Saturday morning. It is picked up by ships and enables them to know whether the ports to which they are proceeding are infected with plague or cholera, and similarly enables the health authorities in the various ports throughout the East to know which arriving ships have come from a recently infected port. This work is considered of such value to the various governments that the Singapore office of the Health Organisation of the League of Nations receives subsidies from the governments in the Far East apart from their annual contributions to the League itself. The information as to the existence of epidemics is also sent by wireless from Singapore to Geneva, where similar information regarding

infectious disease in all other parts of the world is received by the epidemiological services of the League working in close co-operation with the International Office of Public Health in Paris, which has statutory duties in connection with the control of the five great scourges—plague, cholera, yellow fever, smallpox and typhus fever. The information collected covers no less than 72 per cent. of the population of the whole world, and is published each week and sent to all health administrations throughout the world.

To illustrate the use of the work of the Singapore office we may take the example of a ship from China arriving at, say, Sydney, Australia, which is known to have touched during the voyage at a port where a number of cases of plague have occurred since the ship left. The rats on board may, therefore, be infected. The information is received from the Chinese port concerned at Singapore and broadcast by Saigon station. This is picked up in Australia and the health authorities in Sydney are informed. As a consequence, on the ship's arrival steps are taken to prevent the rats from coming on shore and possibly infecting the shore rats with plague. The ship is moored some distance off the quayside, the cargo unloaded to rat-proof sheds, and each bale or sack of cargo is opened and any rats destroyed. The ship itself is, if necessary, fumigated before or after unloading the cargo.

A further interesting example of the necessity for an international organisation to assist in the control of epidemics may be illustrated by reference to an outbreak of a virulent epidemic of a disease known as dengue fever in Athens five years ago. The disease had been introduced by refugees from Asia Minor into Athens and had spread with such rapidity that in a very short time 90 per cent. of the whole population had the disease. The Greek Government sent an urgent message to the League for a Medical Officer who had had special experience of the disease



Fumigation with liquid HCN of a ship where plague-carrying rats are suspected
By courtesy of the Liverpool University School of Hygiene

to come down to advise them and to assist in co-ordinating the steps against the epidemic. A city in which 90 per cent. of the population is ill presents a very extraordinary sight. All train and transport services had ceased except a few steamers arriving with food and a few food trains. Outbreaks of fire had to burn themselves out since there was no one to take out the fire-engines. Postal and telegraph services had stopped, and all shops were shut. The great majority of the sick could not be attended at all and had just to lie where they could. The steps which we took to get control of the epidemic will not interest you, but what is very interesting is the method by which the epidemic was prevented from spreading to other countries in the Mediterranean, and especially to Egypt and Italy. Within a few hours a considerable number of cases had been examined and a detailed description of the symptoms of the disease sent by wireless to Geneva, together with an exact account of the first signs of the disease in an individual. This description was within an hour or two sent from Geneva to governments of every country in the Mediterranean, who at once stopped all passports for Greece, and no passengers from Greece were allowed to disembark at any port outside Greece unless they were prepared to remain segregated. Any arrivals from Greece showing symptoms were most strictly isolated, and actually the disease never spread beyond Greece itself, though Italy, Egypt and Yugoslavia are within only a few hours' steam of Athens. If the machinery of the Health Organisation had not existed there is little doubt that large numbers of persons would have fled from Greece and carried a mass infection into one or several of the neighbouring

countries before steps could be taken to prevent their landing. Epidemics are not in the least interested in man-made frontiers, and can only be controlled by international collaboration.

A valuable part of the work of the Health Organisation of the League of Nations is the sending to a number of governments, including those of Greece, Czechoslovakia, Bolivia, Liberia and China, of an expert, or group of experts, to advise and help them in the reconstruction of their health services. These experts first make a detailed survey to find out what diseases exist in the country, and the social conditions of the population. Upon this is drawn up a report with recommendations which, after approval by the Health Organisation, is submitted to the government concerned. All this sounds dry and uninteresting, but it is not so in practice. In the mountainous country of Bolivia the survey, which lasted six months, was carried out by using for travelling an aeroplane lent to me by the government, and involved regular flying among the high peaks of the Andes at 20,000 feet, weeks on horseback in the upper regions of the Amazon, and the crossing of the Andes three times on muleback. Three revolutions occurred during this survey. There is a popular opinion that a South American revolution is a trivial affair. I can assure you this is not always the case. The invention of the machine gun, aerial bombing, and barrage artillery fire has altered out of all recognition the old-fashioned revolution with revolvers and rifles. A revolution these days may be unpleasantly like a war.

In Liberia, in West Africa, the principal problem was yellow fever—a disease carried by mosquitoes. Here the business was to destroy the breeding places of mosquitoes by means of clearing several square miles of bush round the town concerned, a preliminary being the destruction of such crocodile families as had taken up residence in the town under cover of the long grass. Mosquitoes were largely breeding in old tins which contained water and in cocoanut husks, so hundreds of lorry-loads of old tins and rubbish had to be collected and dumped into lagoons which were thus filled. A layer of earth was then put on top of the tins and grass was planted, thus doing away at the same time with both the tins and the lagoons as breeding places for the mosquitoes. All crevices in the rocks and in the trunks of trees had to be concreted so as to prevent mosquitoes from breeding in the small accumulations of water.

In Slovakia, by way of a complete change from Liberia, some of the surveys were carried out on skis amongst the mountains of the Heights of Tatra; and in Greece on horseback and by co-operating with the Greek Navy.

At the present time the Health Organisation is collaborating with the Government of South Africa in the study of deafness, and with the Rumanian Government in the study of malaria and a nutritional disease known as pellagra. Work is also being carried out on a wide scale for the Chinese Government at the present time.

By means of these pieces of collaboration with governments the Health Organisation is able to place at the disposal of each government the accumulated experience of other countries which have had to face similar problems, and so avoid waste of time and money in experiments which have already been tried out elsewhere.

Another valuable aspect of the work of the Health Organisation is the general co-ordination of research and the pooling and comparative study of results in the case of a number of particular diseases. This is done by a series of separate Commissions composed of recognised authorities from various countries, and in their task they have the collaboration of leading scientific institutes, as, for example, the Medical Research Council in England and the Pasteur Institute in Paris. Working over a wide field which includes cancer, tuberculosis, rheumatic fever, heart disease, sleeping sickness, hydrophobia, leprosy, etc., these Commissions develop research work on an international plan, collect and make available the results achieved, and facilitate continuous comparative study. Some are of more general concern than others. Take, for instance, cancer.

The Cancer Commission has made important comparative

studies on the existence of various types of the disease and especially on the effects obtained by treatment of cancer with radium. A similar observation applies to leprosy, for which the Health Organisation runs a co-ordinating laboratory in Rio de Janeiro in co-operation with the Brazilian Government. The Leprosy Commission is available for advice to governments on the best types of leper hospitals and the methods of running colonies for lepers. There is also the Commission in Central Africa dealing with sleeping sickness. Sleeping sickness of Africa is not to be confused with the sleepy sickness of Europe. It is a fatal disease carried by the tsetse fly, and exists extensively in British, French and Belgian possessions. The control of natives passing from infected to uninfected areas of Africa is clearly a matter for international collaboration, and as a result of the Commission's work a system of compulsory passports for all natives moving from one district to another was adopted by these Governments and is in force. This is gradually limiting the disease. Research work in sleeping sickness has been organised by the Commission, and the treatment centres of the various Governments have been co-ordinated.

There are Commissions studying and comparing the causes of death amongst infants, the means of training and caring for the blind, hospital administration, and rural hygiene. Two other Commissions of importance are those for the standardisation of biological products, and for the standardisation of the causes of death. Their work is too technical to be entered into here except just to say that the latter has laid down the details to be given in death certificates regarding the causes of death. This means that death certificates are now, for the first time, comparable internationally, and this helps in the study of the comparative existence of various types of cancer, tuberculosis, etc., in the different countries. In a sentence, what I have been describing to you briefly is really a system of international staff work in the efforts and experiments all the world over to diminish suffering.

In addition to the work of its Commissions, the Health Organisation has statutory obligations under the International Opium Convention, which serves in every country to control the production and sale, not only of opium and opium products, such as heroin, but also of cocaine and other habit-forming drugs. This work is carried out in co-operation with the central police authorities in each country.

In exactly the same spirit of co-ordination, the Health Organisation of the League arranges individual study tours for medical officers holding official positions to enable them to study specific problems. Thus an English medical officer concerned, say, with the provision of clean milk, is enabled, through a grant from the Health Organisation, to visit leading milk-producing countries of Europe and elsewhere, to study the methods employed. Similarly for each branch, not only of preventive medicine, but also of general medicine. Other examples of this branch of the work are the courses in malariology run by the Health Organisation annually in Great Britain, Spain, Italy and Singapore for medical officers of any nation engaged in malaria control.

There is also a new international school of public health which is being opened shortly in Paris by the Health Organisation in conjunction with the French Government. This school will give courses in all branches of public health, illustrated by the methods of application practised in each country. An English or any other national medical officer who has hitherto been able to learn only the method employed in his own country can take courses at this school and learn how similar problems are being dealt with in other countries.

Modern rapidity of transport and the enormous increase in travelling amongst all classes, and all nations, has made international medicine a fundamental necessity, and future years will show its rapid increase. Happily there can be no question of the value and importance of international co-operation in the control of epidemics, in the co-ordinating of research in all countries, and in the placing at the disposal of each country of the knowledge acquired in other countries which have had to deal with similar problems. Neither science nor disease knows any frontiers. It was for this reason that the Health Organisation of the League was created and is maintained by the Government Members of the League of Nations.

Mind the Doctor—II

The Racial Past Lives On

By Professor R. J. S. McDOWALL

YOU have all, at one time or another, I hope, had a thrill. You have seen something exciting that gave your heart a flutter, as we say. You may have been angry, or got hot and bothered about something.

I wonder if you have ever thought what happens inside you when you feel like that. And have you ever realised that what happens to you is just the same as what happens to an animal in similar circumstances? We have all seen a dog wag its tail with pleasure, or growl disapproval. We have seen our friends express their feelings in different ways. These signs which we can observe are different, but what happens inside the bodies of both man and animals is almost the same and that is why this talk has its title. Our racial past lives on in us. What the title really means is that lower animals and ourselves are descended from common ancestors and our reactions to emotions do not really differ materially from theirs. Presumably, of course, animals lead simpler lives and have fewer emotions.

The most important reactions to emotions are not by any means obvious. As you know, you often feel more than you show. When you get excited the heart beats fast and you may even feel it beating in your chest. Or take your mind back to the days of the silent cinematograph. Then the actors and actresses had to depend on movement for their effects and when they wanted to display emotion, one of their ways of doing it was to breathe deeply. And don't we commonly say that so-and-so was breathless with excitement? This increased breathing has, as we shall see, a very considerable significance.

But many changes take place in the body apart from the change in the speed of the heart and of the breathing. The blood pressure, for example, also goes up. This is a most important reaction, because it indicates a change in the distribution of the blood in the body. Actually what happens is that the blood vessels of the stomach, the bowel and of the skin become smaller and more blood becomes available for the muscles.

When the Hand Shrinks

An interesting result of this shutting down of the skin vessels is that the hand becomes smaller in size. This was first shown by Mosso, the great Italian physiologist. You can easily prove this for yourselves in the way that Mosso did. You cut the bottom off a large bottle and put a rubber cuff on the cut end, so that when the hand is inserted into the bottle the cuff makes an air-tight joint round the arm. You then connect a piece of rubber tubing from the neck of the bottle to a glass U-shaped tube containing water. Whenever there is any change in the size of the hand the water in the tube is seen to move. The remarkable thing is that you can show, in this way, that when you exert yourself mentally, your hand shrinks slightly, for mental effort also causes a redistribution of the blood stream. When Mosso first showed this experiment he had a classical friend who, like many of you possibly, didn't believe his story. Mosso soon convinced him, for by studying the size of his hand in this way he was able to tell when he passed from a piece of Greek translation with which he was acquainted to a piece which was unfamiliar to him. The adding of a few figures has a similar effect.

I mention these experiments because they show such delicate reactions, but when you come to think of it, you are really familiar with changes in the blood vessels of the skin due to emotion. We say commonly that so-and-so became pale with fright. The phenomenon of blushing is exactly the opposite action—in blushing the blood vessels become wider and the skin becomes red.

There is still another very delicate reaction to emotion which may be studied by those who are electrically minded. It is known as the psychogalvanic phenomenon. This is an elaborate name for the fall in the electrical resistance of the skin to the passage of an electric current. Some of you may be familiar with the instrument known as the galvanometer, which has a moving mirror reflecting a beam of light. Any change in the electrical resistance of the skin can be made to

affect the instrument. If you are measuring the resistance of the skin of a friend, nothing can be more dramatic than to see the beam of light move when he thinks of certain things. He may be quite unaware of the response and may be trying his best not to show his feelings. I remember a Cabinet Minister was once having his reactions taken and in spite of all attempts to stir him, his skin remained quite inactive. Eventually a friend standing by mentioned one word. The reaction was tremendous. The word to us seemed simple enough, but we never learned why it caused such an effect.

These facts are really most important, because they bring home to you that the trifling little excitements of even the duller day all bring about reactions of which you are quite ignorant. And just think what the reactions must be which take place when you are worried or anxious. No wonder that those who lead exciting or harassed lives frequently break down, and even die, while relatively young: that is, unless they have the sense to relax properly between their excitements and leave their work at the office door.

Mental and Physical Deterrents to Digestion

To return to the title of the talk, these reactions I have just told you about are primarily concerned with the redistribution of the blood. In the animal world any form of mental effort is commonly followed by physical effort. The animal has to fight or run away. Now, for physical exertions we use the muscles, and active muscles need more blood. The amount of blood in the body is limited. Therefore, in order to get more blood to the muscles, we cut down the blood supply to those parts of the body which are not immediately needed—for example, to the digestive organs.

One of the most vivid experiments ever performed to show the effect of exercise on digestion was carried out several hundred years ago at the instigation of the Emperor Frederick of the Holy Roman Empire. He gave two men a good meal. He sent one to work and the other to rest. Later he had them disembowelled in his presence, and it is recorded that the man who had rested had digested his food better. A very drastic and cruel experiment, but one you should not forget if you suffer from indigestion.

In the more civilised world, every mental effort is not necessarily followed by some physical effort, but we cannot escape our inheritance and the body reacts according to our inheritance. So although we may no longer have to run away when, for instance, we are frightened, our body still prepares itself for flight. So, then, we are justified in our title.

I have already mentioned the effect of severe exercise on digestion and the interesting thing is that the emotions bring about the same effect. You may have noticed that on most of our public platforms, a carafe of water is provided and often the person about to speak will take a drink before he begins. This is because nervousness, caused by the anticipation of speaking, makes his mouth dry, because his saliva has dried up. In the old days of trial by ordeal, it was the custom to ask the suspected person to eat a quantity of dry flour. If he could not produce sufficient saliva to make this possible, he was declared guilty. Now the importance of the saliva is that it is a digestive juice. It is responsible for the digestion of starchy substances, and we have every reason to believe that what stops the production of saliva probably stops the production of the other digestive juices which digest other things. Without these juices, we cannot digest and make use of our food.

Suggestion and the Stomach

The other interesting thing about the production of the digestive juices is that the amounts we produce are greatly affected by the liking we have for our food. You can study this by passing down into the stomach a rubber tube and drawing up some of the contents from time to time. This may sound to some of you a rather disgusting and disagreeable process, but really it is not nearly so alarming as it sounds. Just to give you an idea of how easy it is, I may say that each

year I give a lecture to my students with a tube in my stomach. By such experiments it has been abundantly shown that we digest best the things we like best and when our minds are at ease. What we think about during and immediately after the meal have a most profound effect on the digestion. A most interesting experiment to show this was carried out a few years ago at a hospital in London. An airman was given some porridge and the rate at which he produced juice in his stomach was found by taking samples by means of a stomach tube such as I have mentioned. He was then hypnotised and while under hypnotic influence it was suggested to him that he was in an airplane accident. Almost at once his stomach stopped producing juice.

By means of X-rays it is possible to study also the movement and position of the stomach. Here again some most interesting facts have been discovered. One of these is the fact that when a person is in a state of mental despair, the stomach not only fails to carry out its usual movements, but tends to sag and fails to empty. A sudden fright can bring about the same effect. Sometimes the mere taking of an X-ray picture so upsets a patient that his stomach relaxes. A little while ago, an enterprising X-ray specialist came across a medical student whose stomach was sagging in this way and he asked the student if he would like a glass of beer. The stomach at once took notice and assumed a more normal outline.

From what I have told you, it is easy to see that those who sit down to a meal in a state of emotion—and remember that

a state of emotion covers being worried by business or domestic matters, and so on—suffer from indigestion. Undigested food is liable to set up irritation and cause ulceration. Those of you who work hard at desks should specially beware, for indigestion is a complaint particularly liable to occur in mental workers. Think of Mosso's experiment. Just as the mind affects digestion, so digestion seems to affect the mind. It is, however, most important to realise that digestive ailments are an increasing cause of national inefficiency if we judge by the numbers of insured persons who complain of it. Many of you have it and it is as well to remember that it has usually a very simple origin and is at first easily cured. We are primarily the custodians of our own digestion, and if we spoil it, then it is our own fault.

I could give you many more facts about the effect of the emotions on the body processes. For example, we know that the function of the thyroid gland may be greatly upset by emotion. It is recorded that goitre has been specially prevalent after earthquakes and air raids during the War; but I am afraid that it would take too long to go into these matters and they would be rather technical.

I hope, however, I have said sufficient to show you that your friends may not be the inert beings that you may sometimes imagine them to be, and that the slightest change in the colour of the cheek may speak more than any word can say and tell more of our racial past than we have ever known.

The Treaty of Versailles and After—II

Talking Towards a Treaty

By Professor C. K. WEBSTER

As Secretary to the Military Section of the British Delegation at the Conference of Paris, 1918-19, Professor Webster had exceptional opportunities of following the progress of discussions leading up to the signing of the Treaty

IN the summer of 1918 I was released for a short time from my duties in the political section of the General Staff in order to write an account of the Congress of Vienna for the information of those engaged in preparing for the Treaty of Peace. My little book had some effect on the housemaids and wastepaper baskets of the Hotel Majestic, the seat at Paris of the British Delegation, but not on more important matters. Yet there was much to learn from the only precedent for such a great settlement, as was clearly before us. It showed at any rate the necessity of planning far ahead. But those in power were too occupied with the conduct of the War to pay much attention to the problem of how peace would be made. In Britain, the United States and France, large departments were set up to study its problems and prepare material for it and in this way a vast amount of useful information was collected and made available to men of action. Elaborate plans for the organisation of the Peace Conference were also made, but, being without any direction from above, this work was lacking in reality and was not used when peace came.

Moreover, the peace would depend on the extent of the victory. Until the middle of 1918 any kind of victory was uncertain, or at any rate seemed far away. No one had imagined the rapidity of the German collapse in the autumn of 1918. Thus the Armistice found the statesmen without any concerted plan as to the method by which the new world for which so many had fought and died could be brought into existence. They had, it is true, accepted as the basis of the peace the programme which President Wilson had laid before public opinion in his wonderful speeches, of which that containing the 'Fourteen Points' was the most important. But he had in these laid down mainly general principles. The Allies had also issued their own war aims, and had made secret treaties amongst themselves as to various parts of the world. Though the defeat of Russia and Rumania had got rid of some of these, there were still commitments to Italy and Japan and various agreements between France and Britain. Were these now to be considered abrogated after a war which had been partly fought to preserve the faith of treaties? And how were the Wilsonian principles of self-determination and international co-operation to be translated into new

frontiers, economic agreements and a world-wide League of Nations?

Handicap of War Passions and Hatreds

These problems would have been difficult enough for any body of men, however impartial and skilled, if they had been given ample time and complete authority to make the new world. But it must be remembered that the statesmen of 1918 had neither unlimited time and authority nor a blank sheet on which to draft their treaty. The democracies who had won the war had been kept to fighting pitch by every device which could stir their feelings of hatred and anger against their enemies, whose conduct of the war had made that process easy enough. The nations in Europe, which the war had liberated from the control of the defeated Germans, Austrians, Hungarians and Turks, had often centuries of oppression and servitude to look back upon. To expect them to show moderation and a sense of justice now that their enemies were helpless was to expect something of which human nature is incapable. Belgians, Frenchmen, Italians and Serbians had seen their countries occupied and devastated and their countrymen subjected to all kinds of ill treatment. These things are a necessary part of war, but those who have been subjected to them and have escaped at last are not likely to show mercy or justice to those who have inflicted them. And the Germans, Hungarians and Turks, even if they had not violated the rules of war, as many claimed they had, had at any rate showed themselves as ruthless and stern in victory as they were now helpless in defeat. The violation of the neutrality of Belgium, the brutal attack upon Serbia, the sinking without warning of merchant, fishing and even hospital ships, the introduction of poison gas, the treatment of their prisoners by the Turks—these things are forgotten now not only by the nations who were responsible for them, but to some extent by those on whom they were inflicted. But at the end of the War they burnt in the souls of men and women of the victorious Allies like coals of fire. Even when the statesmen themselves could rise above such feelings they were controlled by those below them, on whose support they depended, and many of them shared these feelings to the full.

The world had, it is true, accepted the Wilsonian programme as the basis of the peace. The 'Fourteen Points' had been agreed to by both sides, with one or two exceptions. In many countries these ideas, especially that of a League of Nations, had been enthusiastically accepted by large portions of the population. But they were not ready to make the sacrifices involved in the full acceptance of the 'Fourteen Points'. The French wanted the Rhineland, the Italians the Adriatic, the British the German Colonies and a large share of the German Reparations, the Japanese Shantung, the smaller states boundaries extending far beyond their ethnographical frontiers. All these claims violated the basis on which the Armistice had been made, and the crowds which applauded President Wilson on his visits to London, Paris and Rome were just as eager to support their statesmen in combatting his ideas.

Distractions of Immediate Problems

Moreover, the world could not remain stationary while peace was being made. Half the populations of Europe were starving. The Bolshevik revolution was a new mysterious menace to the old order, and the Allies were inevitably involved in it. The new states rising on the ruins of the destroyed Empires were organising armies and preparing to seize the frontiers they coveted. Little wars were constantly breaking out in Europe and Asia during the whole time the Paris Conference was sitting. At one time the General Staff were able to enumerate twenty-three such wars in various parts of the world. Half their time and energy had to be spent not in making treaties of peace in a detached and scientific spirit with their eyes on the future, but in tackling the immediate problems of the war-torn world. Commissions of soldiers and diplomatists had constantly to be sent to ward off danger at some threatened spot, sometimes large bodies of troops had to be sent as well, continually the food and transport of the world, now almost entirely controlled by the Great Allied Powers, had to be distributed amongst the most urgent of the pressing needs. Europe and Asia Minor seemed at times almost to be dissolving before our eyes.

Meanwhile we had to make a bigger permanent reconstruction of the world than had ever been made before. The Congress of Vienna had to draw the frontiers of every European state, but there were then no railways and few industrial activities, and most people lived on the produce of their immediate surroundings. But now new states had to be carved out of a Europe which had been for years under the domination of big industry and high finance, and questions of communications, industry and trade made the problems ten times more complicated. Often the problem could only be solved by inflicting injury on one side or another. And was it not inevitable that, when the choice came, it was on the defeated enemies rather than on Allies and liberated populations that the injury was inflicted?

Two months elapsed after the enemy laid down their arms before the Conference met at Paris. President Wilson could not arrive until the middle of December, and then he found Britain occupied with a general election—the 'coupon' election—in which the 'Fourteen Points' had been to a large extent forgotten. This returned to power a Parliament largely com-

posed of men who had stood for a vindictive peace against Germany. There is much to be said for the necessity of this election, but it fixed for the time in power in Britain the passions and hatreds of the War.

Drawn-Out Manœuvres and Hasty Decisions

Meanwhile there had been discussions as to procedure. The French, already uneasy as to the 'Fourteen Points', had put forward new schemes for the organisation of the peace. In one they suggested that no account should be taken of the secret treaties, which indeed gave them but little now their Treaty with Russia about the Rhineland had fallen to the ground, but at the same time they injected into the discussions the two ideas of placing on Germany the whole of the guilt and the whole of the cost of the War. These two ideas had also been prominent in the British election. The French also expressed the wish that a Preliminary Peace should be made with the enemy Powers as soon as possible, containing the main principles of the territorial and economic settlement,

but leaving the details to be worked out in subsequent treaties in which the League of Nations should also be included. But neither the United States nor Britain were ready to commit themselves to these proposals, and the meeting in London early in December to consider the procedure of the Conference registered hardly any progress.

There was thus no agreement on the main problems of procedure when the Allies met in Paris on January 13. Was peace to be made with Germany first or with all the enemies simultaneously? Was there to be a preliminary Peace? Was the League to

be included in the Peace Treaty or to be subsequently drawn up? What share were the smaller Allies to have in determining the peace? Which of them indeed were to be even nominally members of the Conference? Were the Germans and other enemies to be invited to the Conference to discuss the terms of peace? All these problems had yet to be settled. They were solved not by the adoption of a complete and comprehensive plan drawn up at the outset, but by long-drawn-out manœuvres and hasty decisions when a crisis came. The Treaties were thus in a sense improvised. They were never surveyed as a whole. Much of their weakness comes from this fact. But it was inevitable under the circumstances. The statesmen of Vienna had behaved in very much the same way towards their problems in 1814-15.

Formation of the 'Council of Ten'

The discussions began in a body for which for a considerable period no agreed official name could be found. It was really a continuation of the Supreme War Council of the Allies which had controlled the later stages of the War. Since the Great Powers had each two members we called it 'The Council of Ten', and it was this body which was the main organ of the Conference until the middle of March. Here the detailed discussions of the terms of peace began. One of the first tasks of the 'Council of Ten' was to decide how the smaller Allies should take part in the proceedings. At the Congress of Vienna this problem could never be solved and the Congress never met as a body. At Paris they organised a Plenary Conference on which the smaller Powers were represented. It only met seven times in all, and except for the discussion on the League was



President Wilson (quitting America in his Fourteen-League-of-Nations Boots). 'It's time I was getting back to a hemisphere where I really am appreciated' (From *Punch*, March 5, 1919)

By courtesy of the Proprietors of 'Punch'

wholly without reality. It received the Treaty of Peace with Germany the day before it was given to the Germans themselves.

The 'Council of Ten' began by considering its Agenda. The French again produced an elaborate plan drawn up on the basis of French ideas and necessities. Again neither President Wilson nor Lloyd George would accept it. It was against the custom of either to negotiate on somebody else's draft if he could help it. Each directed the attention of the Conference towards his own special desires. Thus President Wilson obtained a resolution placed before the Plenary Conference which determined that the League of Nations should be created as an integral part of the Treaty of Peace and a Commission set up by the Plenary Conference to draw up its constitution. This was a great decision, and by placing himself on the Commission the President got the League Constitution drawn up before the rest of the Treaty was made. Mr. Lloyd George for his part got the question of the German colonies brought before the 'Council of Ten' and virtually settled immediately by the expedient of the Mandates system. Committees were set up by the Plenary Conference on Reparations and the Responsibilities of the War. But the territorial questions, the most permanent and important of all, were still postponed. Those affecting the Great Powers were reserved for the decision of the principal statesmen themselves. The smaller Powers, already discontented and restless at their exclusion from the main organ of the Conference, were first asked to submit their territorial claims in writing and then, simply in order to soothe their feelings, allowed to appear before the 'Council of Ten' to urge them in person. So in February there were long solemn harangues before the 'Council of Ten', who for the most part sat in bored silence, by Rumanians, Greeks, Czechoslovaks, Poles, Yugoslavs, Ukrainians, Arabs, Albanians. These claims were then for the most part referred to Committees of the Great Powers, composed partly of politicians, partly of diplomatists and partly of academic experts. Every form of pressure that could be exerted on public opinion was used by all parties. Newspapers were bought, news was fabricated, populations induced by threats or promises to declare themselves in favour of this state or that, geographical and economic experts produced to prove impossible cases. Nevertheless, the Commissions were in possession of the facts. It was common action on the facts when they conflicted with the interests of one of the Great Powers which was difficult to obtain. They thus fought their way slowly towards compromises and bargains, in which the enemy Powers naturally suffered most. But much good work was done and many of the frontiers thus settled took into account to a considerable degree the history, geography and economy of the regions under consideration.

All this took time, and there were other causes of delay. In the middle of February, after completing the first draft of the League and presenting it to the Plenary Conference, President Wilson had to return to the United States Congress, where the Republicans received him with glacial coldness. The opposition to him, and because of him to the League, by such men as Senator Lodge was one of the preoccupations of the other statesmen, but they had to assume that in the long run his people would ratify the Treaties which their representatives signed. Meanwhile, Lloyd George returned to domestic problems in Britain, and Clemenceau was dangerously wounded by an assassin.

The 'Council of Four' Assumes Control

Then in the middle of March the Conference began a new stage with the return of President Wilson and Lloyd George to Paris. It is not certain who first advocated that the 'Council of Ten' should be replaced by a smaller and more intimate body. But in the middle of March there began the informal meetings of President Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando which developed into the 'Council of Four'. Sir Maurice Hankey, whose energy and resource far exceeded that of the French Secretary General, M. Dutasta, became secretary of this body, and it was here that the great decisions of the Conference were made. April was thus the most important month of all, when the French claims on the Rhine, the Italian on the Adriatic, the Japanese on Shantung were all hotly debated, while the question of Reparations grew ever more acute. The whole procedure of the Conference gradually changed. Only two Commissions, that on Disarmament and that on Poland, had reported to the 'Council of Ten'. Both were unanimous, but both were immediately challenged by Mr.

Lloyd George. The 'Four' now began to use special Committees of two or three persons to work out in detail the compromises to which they came in their intimate discussions. Sometimes these were experts, at other times simply men who could be trusted to work according to orders from above. Once an agreement had thus been reached, the Drafting Committee, an assiduous and expert body, was used to turn them into treaty form and thus large blocks of the German Treaty came into existence.

For it had at last been resolved to make the Treaty with Germany separately and before the others. Only after her signature had been obtained could the demobilisation for which the peoples were clamouring be safely proceeded with. The 'Four' therefore now concentrated on Germany. The other members of the 'Council of Ten', the Foreign Ministers, were, however, made into a 'Council of Five', and this body proceeded at the same time with the rest of the settlement, and some of the Commissions reported to them. The great questions were, however, still in the hands of the 'Four' and they turned aside occasionally from their special preoccupations to make such decisions as allowed the Greeks to land in Smyrna. The dispute over the Adriatic also occupied their attention, for Italy refused to sign the Treaty with Germany unless her own special claims were first satisfied. President Wilson's refusal to admit them caused an explosion in which the Italians left the Conference. Though supported by public opinion in Italy, they were too weak to get their claims accepted at this time and had to return discredited and humiliated, but no less determined than before to obtain Fiume and the strategic supremacy of the Adriatic.

The German Delegates Arrive—and Sign

Meanwhile the German delegation arrived at Versailles, where they were segregated behind barbed-wire enclosures. This, of course, prevented them from having any personal intercourse with the Allied delegations. With their usual industry and organisation they issued a flood of notes criticising the terms of the Treaty, which were considered and replied to by Inter-Allied Committees specially set up for the purpose. At this period Mr. Lloyd George, supported by many sections of the British delegation, urged that many of the terms of the Treaty should be altered in their favour. But as he wanted such concessions to be made mainly at the expense of the European neighbours of Germany and did not abandon any of the British claims on her Colonies or on Reparations, this effort, which President Wilson did not support, had little effect. The final Allied note which stressed the responsibility of Germany for the War was, indeed, largely drawn up by Mr. Lloyd George's secretary, Mr. Philip Kerr. The Germans were faced with accepting the Treaty with but few amendments or being subjected to the renewed military and economic pressure of the Allied forces. Mr. Lloyd George and others seem to have been genuinely afraid that they would not sign, but would adopt some form of Bolshevism and cause general chaos in Central Europe. But the Germans had the most to lose by this expedient, and a new Government eventually sent their representatives to Versailles to sign the Treaty on June 28.

Once the Treaty with Germany was signed the Conference moved at a much slower pace. The departure of President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George left matters largely in the hands of Clemenceau and the professional diplomatists. The Treaty with Austria was nearly ready by the time the Germans came, but the smaller Powers refused to accept it and there was considerable delay before it was signed. The whole distribution of Central and South Eastern Europe had now been worked out by the Commissions, and it was largely lack of energy which caused the Treaties with Bulgaria and Hungary to be delayed still further. One result of this delay was that by the time the Treaty with Turkey was signed Mustapha Kemal had created a new Turkey which defeated the Greeks and forced the Allies to give them better terms in a new Treaty at Lausanne. The conflict between the Italians and the Yugoslavs in the Adriatic also took much time and trouble, as a result of which the Italians obtained nearly all they had claimed at Paris.

But one problem the statesmen, or rather President Wilson, had solved. He had got the League of Nations accepted as an integral part of the Peace, and it was made a part of all the four Treaties. Thus the necessity of continuous international co-operation and the recognition that society is dynamic and not static was for the first time recognised in the making of a peace.



The Barometer of the Clyde—Gareloch, from above Roseneath, where the number of vessels laid up gives some indication of the state of the shipping industry

By courtesy of 'The Glasgow Herald'

Waterfront and Open Sea—II

Ships' Luck

By DAVID W. BONE

LAST week I said a good deal about the personality of ships. I claimed for them a sort of personal existence in their wanderings over the high seas. This is, of course, sailor fancy—absurd, if you like—but it has warrant from an unexpected quarter, from the provision of the law; for when a ship is launched she is given a name and an identity and is made responsible for her own acts—no matter who may own her or who her master is. In her own name, she can bring suit for reward she may have earned just as she can be sued for damage she may have caused. She can insist upon her rights. There is, I think, a famous law case in respect of this; one in which a ship sued her own registered owner for some form of maintenance. I wish I could remember the particulars, but the case seemed to me at the time to resemble a matrimonial triangle—for there was a dark lover in the person of the mortgagee standing by to see that justice was done by his ladyship, in whose financial fortune he was doubtless heavily interested.

This peculiar quality in a ship that sets her apart from any other property that one may own gives her warrant to acquire a personal character and this she does as soon as she takes to sea. Among other curious and unprofitable things I remember is the explanation given to me by a Clydeside ship plater to whom I had mentioned that a certain ship seemed very stiffly built—stiffly in the sense that she was not as flexible in heavy seas as she might be. 'Ach', he said, 'hoo could she be ither than stiff when th' Rangers didna' win th' Cup that year!' There was something to be looked into there. I learned that the riveting squads in the yard in which the ship was built were mostly Orangemen: they had vented their spleen at the non-success of their favourite Club by hammering the rivets

too hard! But there I go again—letting off steam when I ought to be explaining why one ship gets this character and another ship that reputation. But there just isn't any explanation. One ship works up a reputation for smooth running while her sister ship, built from the same plans, shakes up things so violently as to shed the hairpins from the heads of her lady passengers—but that would be in the days before the hairpin manufacturers went out of business. This ship might be known as lucky in her charters; and that ship unfortunate in being always out of the market when a good cargo was on offer.

I sailed for some years in a very lucky ship, the *Australia*. She just couldn't help being on hand when some turn in the market found her right there—on the commanding square on the checker-board. On one occasion we were bound from Bombay to Marseilles and Liverpool. At Marseilles we discharged about half of a six thousand ton cargo, and had that much empty space when we sailed from there. That did not look so good. But fog in the Straits of Gibraltar was the cause of a fruit ship, the *Robert Adamson*, I think, going ashore on the Pearl Rocks. She was towed off and taken into Gibraltar on the very day we arrived at that port. To repair her, her whole cargo had to be discharged, and it was put on auction. There were no bids: no one wants to buy God knows how many thousand cases of oranges right where the golden fruit grows. As always when the *Australia* was in the offing, there were no other ships with empty space to confound her. There were no bids. I do not know what considerations prevailed, but the upshot was that the *Adamson* was towed alongside of us in the Bay, and we spent two frantic days and nights filling our empty hold spaces—for the fruit was rapidly acquiring tints

anything but golden as we hove the cases on board. Then, apparently as part of the contract that made our Company owners of the salvaged cargo, we had also to load up some thousands of cases that had been ruined by sea water. These we piled up on the open decks to be jettisoned when we were at sea. Our course to Liverpool, at the best speed we could make, was clearly marked out on the broad Atlantic by the bobbling cases that we plumped from day to day, separating the bad from the wholesome. We made Liverpool early on a Friday morning and, by Saturday night, fine Seville oranges were selling in London Road at ten or fifteen a penny, and Liverpool housewives were scurrying about to beg, borrow or buy the necessary pans for a famous home marmalade making. A lucky ship, the *Australia*, of the tramp steamer class, nothing much to look at, but a grand figure in the ledger in the days when there was cargo to be transported overseas.

There is not much cargo now, not nearly enough to keep the ships at sea, and the problem of the moment for shipowners is to find room somewhere to stow away an unwanted ship until better times return. Dock dues are costly when no earnings are coming in, and, in consequence, a new tint in the scenery of remote estuaries and Highland sea arms has appeared—the rusted plating of laid up steamers in their limbo. There they lie, swinging the tides day after day. I came over the hill at Whistlefield above the Gareloch one day last autumn and stopped, as always, to admire one of the finest views in the West of Scotland. I counted the ships in the Loch and there seemed to be seven less than when I had last surveyed them. Seven less; seven had gone somewhere. I would like to think that some rise in the freight market had released the seven from custody, but fear greatly that breaking up, or a sale to some new owners abroad, had been their sentence. To be broken up, to be furnaced and fashioned anew into material for construction, would be no ignoble fate for an old ship past her day, but what can be said about this now too common business of selling an old ship abroad—where foreign owners with foreign standards of seafaring can put her into competition for what little sea trade remains? And all for what? For the immediate advantage of getting a few pounds more for her than could be had from the ship-breakers. It seems to me to be shipowner suicide. There is talk of State support for British shipping. If this is to be, such support could be profitably advanced in some form of compensation to owners for this difference between selling their old ships abroad and putting them on the hard to be broken up; on the hard, they would at least provide some days' work for the shipbreaker's men.

But there, I am touching upon shipping economics and am in danger of getting into deeper water than I care to navigate. Perhaps I had better get back to that fine view from the cock o' the hill above the Gareloch. While looking down at a fine cargo vessel lying quietly under a heather-browed promontory and recalling that I had last seen her loading a full cargo of cotton bales at Alexandria, I heard from the hillside a chatter of speech that I used to know very well. Hindustani . . . *lascari bat*, rather, the speech of the Malabaris that man so many British East Indian steamers. There they were, a dark-skinned group, on their way to a high-sided ship's boat that lay beached below. I noticed with a splendid unlawful joy that one was carrying a gunny sack, plump full of wobbling creatures. I asked—in what little I could remember of their tongue—what they were doing on the uplands. They grinned sheepishly and one—apparently the *serang* or headman—said, 'Oh, *Sahib! Hum k-ya carriga?*' I would translate that short sentence as 'Oh, sir! What can a fellow do but catch rabbits on a fine Saturday when every week day he does nothing but chip chip chip iron rust on an idle steamer in the Bay?' Here was a curious sidelight on the shipping depression. Anyway, Sheik Usuf Aberamman and his men looked finely fed, and I have no doubt some Highland laird would have something not very complimentary to say to his gamekeepers.

We used to be the steamship builders to the world at large. Almost all the nations came to us for ships. Fairfield at Govan built the first German flyers, and it seems only the other day that the Italian flag was flying above the offices of Beardmore's at Dalmuir, on the occasion of the launch of the *Conte Biancamano*. It can hardly be disputed that it was upon our models that these and other nations progressed in their own shipbuilding of late years. In this connection, I noticed a small matter when, in a foreign port, my ship was berthed alongside

a crack liner—built abroad. I saw that certain port frames in the hull seemed to be out of alignment; not seriously out, but just sufficient to attract a sailor eye—rendered somewhat acute in these matters of angles by the constant use of the sextant. It was the one irregularity in a very beautiful and well-proportioned ship. I suppose it was a mean thought that came to me, that maybe the builders had used some simple factor on the plans of a smaller ship that was built in Britain for the same owners, a wee cosy decimal factor behind a lot of noughts. But there are some measurements in a ship that just won't be multiplied by a decimal factor, however easy and simple that adaptation may seem. Anyway, there it was. Six or eight port frames sitting badly in relation to the sheer, and indeed showing signs that the 'slipper'—that refuge of careless ironworkers—was too often used.

The Japanese came to us for ships and were our good customers until they had learnt to build for themselves. When, in about 1895, I had satisfied the examiners that I was a fit person to take charge of a watch at sea, I looked about for employment. Several fine steamers were being completed on the river for Japanese owners, and I tried to get a post on one of them. But I was much too junior for them then; they would only take officers with the very highest qualifications, for they had their ideas. There were then few Japanese masters or engineers; I do not think any with experience of large vessels, and the ships were commanded and officered by Europeans, predominantly British. It is a somewhat chastening thought that they—the Japanese—had become sailors and engineers good enough to defeat the Russians at sea in 1904.

We cannot, of course, expect always to be the shipbuilders and the sea carriers of the world, but there is confidence to be drawn from our association with traders abroad, in ports that are alien to us only in point of nationality. There, our ships are welcomed. The business of British shipping pays a greater dividend into alien pockets than that paid by almost all other nations combined, and that long before the balance of a voyage is struck and the claims of our own bond-holders considered. Disbursements must be made or guaranteed before the blue peter—the flag of departure—is hauled down and a homeward voyage begun. There is a great host of foreign workers on our pay-roll, from the pilot who boards us at the limits of the port to the taxi driver who takes the skipper to the Customs House to make entry of his ship.

They are friendly to us, these people of the ports abroad, and we have done business with them for a very long time. I have yet to meet one among them, merchants, importers, exporters, stevedores, boat and tugboatmen, pilots—in all the foreign ports to which I have sailed—who did not subscribe to the liberal view of international shipping, the view that no one should be empowered to deny to the merchant his very ancient right to ship his goods in the best ships he can hire and entrust their carriage to the seamen he thinks best qualified to transport them safely and expeditiously to his markets.

The fourth National Conference of Group Leaders, held on Saturday, April 7, in the Council Chamber of Broadcasting House, was in many ways a momentous conference, coming, as it did, so near the end of the term of office of the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education. The proceedings were private, and the Director-General and other members of the Corporation staff were able to speak very freely on a large number of matters affecting the Corporation's policy in regard not only to educational talks, but to talks in general. The delegates had the opportunity of putting direct questions about such matters as censorship, impartiality and cognate subjects. While certain of the series recently given were subject to some criticisms, there could be no doubt that the talks in the 'Whither Britain?' series were enthusiastically approved. In the afternoon, Professor J. H. Nicholson, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Central Council, spoke on the value of group listening. He reminded Group Leaders that they and the members of their groups must learn toleration, and that they must not expect to hear their own opinions from speakers at the microphone. They should encourage members of their groups to respect diversity of opinion whether at the microphone or in the group. The danger of today was specialisation, but groups might do something to help, by the exchange of ideas and experiences, to overcome the baneful results of this feature of the age. He looked forward to an expansion of the listening group movement and hoped that it would continue, as in the past, to expand in harmony and co-operation with other bodies in the field of Adult Education.

Marionettes from Vienna

The performances of Professor Richard Teschner's marionettes are a special feature of the Austrian Exhibition which opened at Dorland Hall on April 16. Professor Teschner is chiefly interested in the sculptural and plastic qualities of his pantomimic scenes; he does not use human speech in his plays; and, in contrast to most puppet-makers, he leaves his marionettes expressionless, relying on effects of light to conjure a play of feature from their faces.



Scenes from the pantomime 'The Dragon Slayer'

What I Believe—I

A Spiritualist's Convictions

By ERNEST W. OATEN

This affirmation of the spiritualist's creed opens a series of talks in which a Unitarian, a Theosophist, and a Rationalist will in turn explain their positions

I HAVE been asked, as a representative Spiritualist, to tell you what I believe. Now, a man's convictions are based upon his training, plus his experience. I was brought up in the bosom of Nonconformity, and in my late 'teens was seriously troubled by grave doubts concerning matters of religion. It seemed to me that the whole of religion turned upon the question of whether there is, or is not, an after-life. Is our present existence complete in itself, or is it a segment of a greater circle? If there is no life beyond this, then there may be a case for ethics and morality, but there is none for religion; and accordingly the existence of a spiritual world forms the preamble of all the great religions.

I was then a young man, and young men often make hasty decisions. I came to the conclusion that there was no evidence whatever for a future life. Reliance was placed upon the traditions of the past, and the reliability of these opened the way to very extensive argument. It was at this juncture that I heard of Spiritualism. The subject at first aroused in my mind something of incredulity and something of contempt. And yet the men I knew who were associated with the subject were sane, decent and reliable business-men. I listened to what they had to say concerning their experiences at seances, and I came to the conclusion that they had been deluded, and that it only needed me to expose the whole subject. Yet if what they said was true, Spiritualism offered the evidence I had found nowhere else.

Early Experiments

It was in this frame of mind that, accompanied by two relatives, I attended my first seance—in February, 1892, at Cardiff. The company assembled were of an intelligent middle-class type, some sixteen in number. We sat in a good white light, quite sufficient for reading by, and at that seance a large walnut round table floated in the air without any contact. A relative and I holding a walking stick between us completely encircled it as it floated in space. The whole company turned the backs of their chairs to the table, and knelt on the seats so that no feet were underneath the table, and I assert that the table rose into space and remained suspended for some minutes.

Further, it was under intelligent direction. It obeyed our requests, as to moving in this direction or that, and later (still without any contact) spelt out messages, including the name and address, the date of death, etc., of my grandfather, who had died some years before in the West of England. We were informed of his age; trade; the maiden name of his wife, etc. I made a complete examination of the room and could detect no machinery, wires, or anything of the sort, to account for the happening. I was puzzled! The following day I obtained a pair of trucks, borrowed the table and had it weighed at a store. It registered eighty-four pounds. That was my first experience.

After returning home, one of my relatives and I tried an experiment with a small card-table by placing our hands upon its surface. It tilted very freely. I had heard something of unconscious muscular action, and so I made an effort to get some information which might throw light on the force directing the table. We laid down a code by asking the table to tilt at each letter of the alphabet, stopping at the one required, and by this cumbersome method messages were spelt out. On that occasion we received information concerning a relative in London, of whom we had not heard for five years. It referred to happenings at that present moment, which could not possibly have been known to anyone in Cardiff. These were subsequently verified up to the hilt. I have neither the time nor inclination at the moment to go into the details of the messages, which concerned the intimate domestic life of the family. That was my first night at a seance. I still have in my possession the exact notes taken both at the seance and the subsequent experiment.

That experience convinced me that there was something which demanded explanation, and I began a long course of

reading and personal investigation which has lasted forty odd years, brought me untold happiness, settled all doubts as to there being wisdom and purpose behind all life, and left me without a single shred of doubt as to my eternal future.

Faith Founded on Experience

I have sat in more than 4,000 seances, under all conditions, many of them ridiculous in their simplicity, and many arranged under strict scientific control. Of those seances, considerably fewer than 100 have taken place in the dark. I know that certain forms of psychic phenomena are more easily obtained in the dark, but I have a strong distaste for dark seances, which are, in my opinion, not necessary to conviction, and generally raise more questions than they settle. Under excellent conditions for observation, and in good light, I believe I have seen every phase of psychic phenomena.

It would be true to say that quite 50 per cent. of these phenomena, whilst interesting, offer little or no evidence of the action of spirits. Probably 25 per cent. form a borderland in which one has to choose between the spiritualistic and other hypotheses (telepathy, intuition, sub-conscious activity, etc.). But in my experience there is a residuum which points to the fact that the intelligences at work are human beings other than those present in the flesh. In other words, as a result of forty years' investigation, I am absolutely certain that the so-called 'dead' can communicate with the living.

I assert that the evidence I have obtained makes it impossible for me to doubt that I have talked with those who have passed through the gates of death. So strong is that conviction, that if I were the only man on earth who believed it, my faith would remain unshaken. I have seen deceased persons clairvoyantly, and obtained messages and information which were unknown to anyone present. I have photographed spirits under strict test conditions. I have seen, spoken to, and held in my arms, materialised forms in lamplight, gaslight, electric light and daylight. I have clasped their hands and held conversations with them in the presence of witnesses. Hence let me say categorically and emphatically—I *know* that there is a life beyond this, since I have talked with the people who live in it; and I am sure that some at least of its inhabitants are people who have migrated from this world. It is not merely a case of accumulated evidence allowing me to hold this belief. So conclusive is the evidence in my experience that it would *compel* belief even though my inclinations pointed in another direction.

Fraud Made Manifest

Doubtless I shall be expected to say something on the question of fraud. Yes, I have met fraud, but its proportion is certainly not greater than one meets in the ordinary everyday affairs of life. There have been dairymen who have adulterated milk and coal merchants who have given short weight, but no one believes that every dairyman and coalman is dishonest. Fraudulent mediumship is generally known to the public because Spiritualists take every opportunity to openly and publicly denounce it. In some connections, unsavoury incidents are covered up and suppressed. The Spiritualist believes that fraud and duplicity in matters of religion should be ruthlessly exposed.

Most of my experience has been gained in what is called a 'Home Circle', and there have been no strangers present. I have had a very few dealings with professional mediums; firstly, because I could not afford them, and secondly, because I preferred investigation with my own family and personal friends in my own home. In forty years, the total fees paid to mediums by me have certainly not aggregated £10; and I have seen better phenomena in my own home than I have ever witnessed at professional seances. I do not decry professional mediums, provided the investigator can be assured as to their *bona fides*. The best way to secure this is to gain the confidence of a well-known Spiritualist. If a man prefers to buy a first-

class wireless set, rather than purchase his own parts and assemble the components, that is a matter for his own pocket and convenience; but I know which method gives the greatest information concerning wireless.

And what are my convictions—I refuse to call them beliefs—concerning the whole subject? Firstly, I am satisfied that man is a spiritual entity, that he has come into this world for the purpose of gaining experience and building character. Life here is a sort of trial trip, which will presently enable us to take our place in the real life beyond. This earthly experience is the preamble to life, and in this sense it is true that we don't really begin living until we are dead! I am satisfied from my talks with the departed that death works no immediate change in character or ability. At death man passes into another life with the mental and spiritual equipment he has assembled here. No creed has any advantage over any other save in so far as such creed may have influenced the type of life he lived here. As to the nature of the life that obtains in the next world, I could say much, did time permit.

'Death is Not a Terminus'

I believe, with Mr. Gladstone, that the study of this subject 'is the most important work that is being done in the world'. For there are two things sure for everyone of us: first, that we have come into this world, and, second, that we must all go out of it. Our life here is a brief span of seventy years; comparatively, a mere speck upon the sun of eternity. The man who boasts that he is practical, because he devotes the whole of his attention to this life, is the most short-sighted of persons, since the number of his days here bears but a fragmentary relationship to his actual life. I am convinced that there is a spiritual world, which exists around us 'like an atmosphere'. It is peopled by those who die. Death is not a terminus! It is merely a junction where we change to another line. And at that junction we shall find that nine-tenths of the luggage which we have accumulated here is sheer lumber.

What, then, will death mean to me? Well, it will mean the dropping of my physical body, but there are certain things about me which are not physical. My character and personality differentiate me from all other people. These cannot be expressed in terms of physics, mechanics or chemistry. My memories, which are the result of my experience, are surely as great a part of me as my hands or my feet. So that if I drop all the physical substances by which I am known to my fellows, I still retain these.

Now it is the tendency of life to express itself in form, and I believe that when I die I shall still have a form. The fact is that the spiritual body does not come into existence at death. It is our constant companion during life, and we build it in somewhat the same manner as we build our physical body; namely, by feeding it. From the moment of conception I believe that the spiritual energies which constitute the ego of each of us build our bodies. The life germ in a fertile egg uses the rest of the contents of the shell to build the body of the chicken. The ego, then, builds its own body, though its action must be modified, first by its innate strength and power of selection, and secondly by the materials available. The same principle is at work in the etheric body, which will be the body in which I shall find myself after death.

In certain hypnotic phenomena and under the influence of certain drugs, a man can easily find himself floating in space and looking down on his body on the bed. If he is looking on, what is that on the bed? If he is lying on the bed, who is the looker-on? 'There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body', says Paul. Death is merely the separation of these two bodies. During life there is reaction between the two, which varies with different people. Just as the caterpillar passes into the chrysalis state and emerges as a butterfly, so shall I presently drop this physical body to inhabit another, in some respects very similar to this, but giving me a larger range of action and consequently greater freedom. That is what death means to me, and far from looking at it as something to dread, I look forward to it as an interesting adventure.

Testimony of the Spirit People

I am convinced that the most important thing about this life is living it, with the recognition that it is continuous. The whole of the testimony of the spirit people emphasises one point; namely, that in the other life an individual gets his exact deserts, no more and no less. It may be that 'In my Father's house are many mansions', but everyone must equip and furnish his own abode, and equipment depends not upon

the creed he has professed but upon the life he has lived. While it is true that Spiritualism does much to confirm and explain the phenomena and beliefs of all ages, in me there has grown up a religious conviction based on present-day evidences. Spiritualism is my religion, and I have not felt the need of any other. It has answered the criticisms of my intellect and satisfied the longings of my heart. In fact, if the whole of the records of the past were destroyed and erased from human memory, though I should be the last to desire such a thing, it could not affect my religious convictions in the slightest degree. There are thousands of people in this country in the same position.

I shall be glad as far as my time will allow to help and advise anyone who desires seriously to pursue this investigation. But please do not ask me to recommend mediums. All private sittings with mediums are illegal, and render the medium—however honest—liable to three months' hard labour! Under the present law of England, honest mediumship is penalised whilst the charlatan and pretender flourish. The law, too, is not impartially administered. In some cities people may do as they like. In others, they can scarcely move.

I should be the last in the world to decry other faiths. 'Let every man be persuaded in his own mind'. As long as there are different types of mind in the world, there will be different outlooks. I personally accept the principles laid down by the Spiritualists' National Union—the representative body of Spiritualist Churches of which I was honoured to be the President for a number of years. Those principles may be briefly summarised as follows:

Spiritualists accept (1) The Fatherhood of God; (2) the brotherhood of man; (3) continuous existence of the soul; (4) the Communion of saints and the ministry of angels; (5) personal responsibility; (6) compensation and retribution hereafter for all good or evil done on earth; and (7) a path of endless progress open to every soul. These seven principles embrace no creed or dogma, and to every individual is granted the right of interpretation.

In conclusion, I believe with Victor Hugo that 'When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, but a thoroughfare. I shall close my eyes upon the twilight, only to open them upon the dawn'.

Films Worth Seeing

In his talk on April 11, Mr. Oliver Baldwin discussed the following six films:

BROADWAY THRU THE KEYHOLE (American)—'has a background of night-club life and introduces you to the wireless crooner, Russ Columbo; a racketeer or two and Constance Cummings. The story is conventional and its best adjunct is the music. It provides good entertainment for those who are not too tired of the eternal triangle, mounted on a machine-gun'.

I'M NO ANGEL (American)—'Many of you will be a little shocked at this exhibition of ultra-femininity, but even then you cannot fail to admire the skill of Mae West's performance and the wit of her dialogue, for she wrote the whole story herself. It is a story of a woman's economic rise in the world and her success with men. The things Mae West can do with her expression are beyond belief, and that is what makes her such a superb film actress. I have seen her picture several times and I can assure you it is a perfect piece of histrionic timing. She is a new type today, though an old type if we remember our yesterdays'.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE (American)—'is extremely bright, swift-moving and spectacular. James Cagney rushes through it, inspiring the whole show. It is a good show to choose for the family outing'.

NINETY DEGREES SOUTH (British)—at present at the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street—'Our old friend the film record of Captain Scott's expedition to the South Pole, re-cut with descriptive matter spoken by the photographer, Mr. Herbert Ponting. It should be a real treat for those who like seeing a record of one of the more heroic episodes of the past'.

DER TRAUMENDE MUND (German)—'is Elizabeth Bergner's greatest picture, and the part she plays in it is far more suited to her than parts she has lately been playing'.

THE CHINA SHOP (American)—'Walt Disney has given us yet another coloured symphony, different from his last ones, in that it is not based on a well-known fairy story, but deals with strange happenings in an old china shop when the night falls. It is a lovely little thing and you must see it when you can'.

*Pillars of the English Church—VII**Frederick Temple*

By the Rev. Dr. S. C. CARPENTER

THESE are many picturesque descriptions of the character of Frederick Temple. 'Granite on fire' and 'A tiger in a state of grace' are two of the most famous. The Rugby story of 'A beast, but a just beast' is rather misleading, because, if it was said at all, it was said of a Headmaster, and the schoolboy's use of the word 'beast' has more bark than bite. Rather longer, but incomparably vivid, is Scott Holland's account of 'the enormous moral energy of the man, which, breaking out through every obstacle, in a voice that was hardly a voice so much as a sound, would shake the soul of his hearers with a violence and a passion which were unlike anything else in the whole wide world. The whole heart of religion was in him. His soul was given to his Master with all the complete surrender of a child'.

At sixteen he won from Blundell's School, Tiverton, a scholarship at Balliol. There, as at home and school, he practised very severe economy, being determined to maintain himself by his scholarships and not be a burden to his mother. Powerful in mind and body, he worked unceasingly and took a Double First in Classics and Mathematics. He became in due course Fellow and Tutor of his College.

Oxford Movements of the 'Forties

The 1840's were a time of stress and strain at Oxford. Strauss, Comte, Bentham, Mill are not much more than names to most of us, but at that time they were to the more able thoughtful undergraduate, creators of profound perplexity. Not less stimulating, but in a rather different direction, were Coleridge, Carlyle and Maurice. Coleridge was Temple's great master. 'Reading Coleridge', he said, 'excites me so much that I can hardly do anything else after it; I am obliged never to read him except just before I am going to walk'.

At the same time there was the Tractarian Movement. Temple was a close friend of W. G. Ward, and he admired (as who did not?) the austere and devoted life of Newman, and his marvellous sermons at St. Mary's. Even more still was he impressed by the moral earnestness of Dr. Pusey. But he was never one of the Tractarians, though the unfairness with which many of them were treated by the authorities offended his sense of justice. Duty was, then and always, his great watchword, and everything he thought and did was marked by a self-reliance which came not from any pride but from the action of an exceedingly independent, even lonely mind.

After Oxford he spent nine years under what would now be called the Board of Education. He then became Headmaster of Rugby. Perhaps the best way to sum up the value of his work there is to say that he carried on the Arnold tradition, and even added a good deal to it. To say that is, of course, to put him in the highest class of all. Towards the end of the Rugby time there occurred a series of events which made an unhappy chapter in the story of the Church of England. Temple joined in a book called *Essays and Reviews*, intended to make public new knowledge and new points of view. Temple's own essay was on 'The Education of the World' and was based on the idea that the world learns as an individual learns, in childhood by precept, in youth by example, in maturity by following the inward spirit. Thus, he said, the world was taught by the Law, the Life of Christ, and the Spirit of Christ. Some of the other essays contained novel speculations, which were very unwelcome. There was a storm of indignation and, though the writers were quite independent and had not even seen each others' work, Temple was considered to be tarred with their brush. It was a melancholy episode, showing how easily good people could be swung off their feet by false alarms. There were some rash and defiant things in the book, and they were flung out on a wholly unprepared Church, but the wisest Churchmen, Westcott and Hort at Cambridge, for example, while not in love with the book itself, thought that the outcry against it was much worse than the book. Rugby, masters and boys, stood by their chief. One of the boys wrote to his mother, 'Temple is all right, but, if he were to turn Mahomedan, the School would turn too'.

In the midst of all this controversy Gladstone nominated Temple Bishop of Exeter. This was considered by many to be a dreadful thing. Temple was pressed by his friends to separate himself from his fellow-essayists. He refused absolutely. He felt the controversy acutely, and had no sleep for night after night, but he was granite. He knew that his own essay was faithful to Christian truth, and he would not 'make explanations with a bishopric hanging over his head'. He was consecrated Bishop and then, and not till then, he withdrew his essay from circulation.

Tom Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, had written delightedly, 'I only hope Gladstone will have the courage to promote strong men of all the schools of thought'. Strength was the note of his sixteen years' episcopate at Exeter. There were at first some suspicions. But he was a Westcountryman. He had been brought up in Devon, and his mother was a Cornish woman. And he himself, with his strong frame, his harsh voice and his provincial accent, was so obviously a man and so utterly a Christian, that no-one could fail to see that he had the root of the matter in him, a message to deliver, and power to rule in the Church of God. He worked like six men, and expected everybody else to work too.

One of his great achievements was to cut off the county of Cornwall, and make it the diocese of Truro. Land's End is 140 miles from Exeter, but it was not only that. Cornwall is not so much a separate county as another land, with a long and honourable history, and intense Cornish feeling. The Cornish people to this day still speak of going to England. It was fitting that the peninsula of saints, Saint German, Saint Petroc, Saint Columb and a hundred more, the legendary home of Arthur, the Christian King, should have its own Bishop. To Temple's great delight his old friend Benson had appointed the first Bishop, and Pearson's beautiful Cathedral and church life in the new diocese of Truro grew side by side.

Belated Recognition

In 1885 Gladstone invited him to become Bishop of London. There again his power of work was colossal, and infectious. His clergy, says Scott Holland, discovered his full worth and they became devoted to him. There are stories of blunt answers to foolish questions, and of prolixity cut off in the middle or, with luck, even at the beginning, but there was often this kind of thing. An Archdeacon had asked him to reconsider something. 'Well, I don't agree, but it shall be as you suggest'. And then, as the Archdeacon was leaving the room, 'Mind, if things go wrong, I'll take the blame'. That is the kind of Bishop who gets well served. The big laity, the members of the House of Lords, for example, never discovered him while he was in London. That did not come till he was at Canterbury in the last years of his life. Then everyone knew what a man he was.

At Canterbury he presided over one Lambeth Conference. The summary of the Resolutions, which is called the Encyclical, was drafted by the Archbishop himself in the course of a single night. In the last year of his life he had the duty of crowning King Edward in the Abbey. He was now eighty years of age. After the crowning he had to do homage as the first subject of the land. At this point the iron will which had sustained him faltered, and he sank on his knees and could not rise. The King affectionately helped him to his feet, and when the Archbishop, laying his hand upon the crown on the King's head, in a voice of deep emotion said, 'God bless you, Sir; God bless you; God be with you', the King caught his hand and kissed it. A very uncourtier-like member of Parliament, who saw this, exclaimed, 'Gad! that atones for a good deal; I'll never speak against him again'. Six months later the Archbishop died.

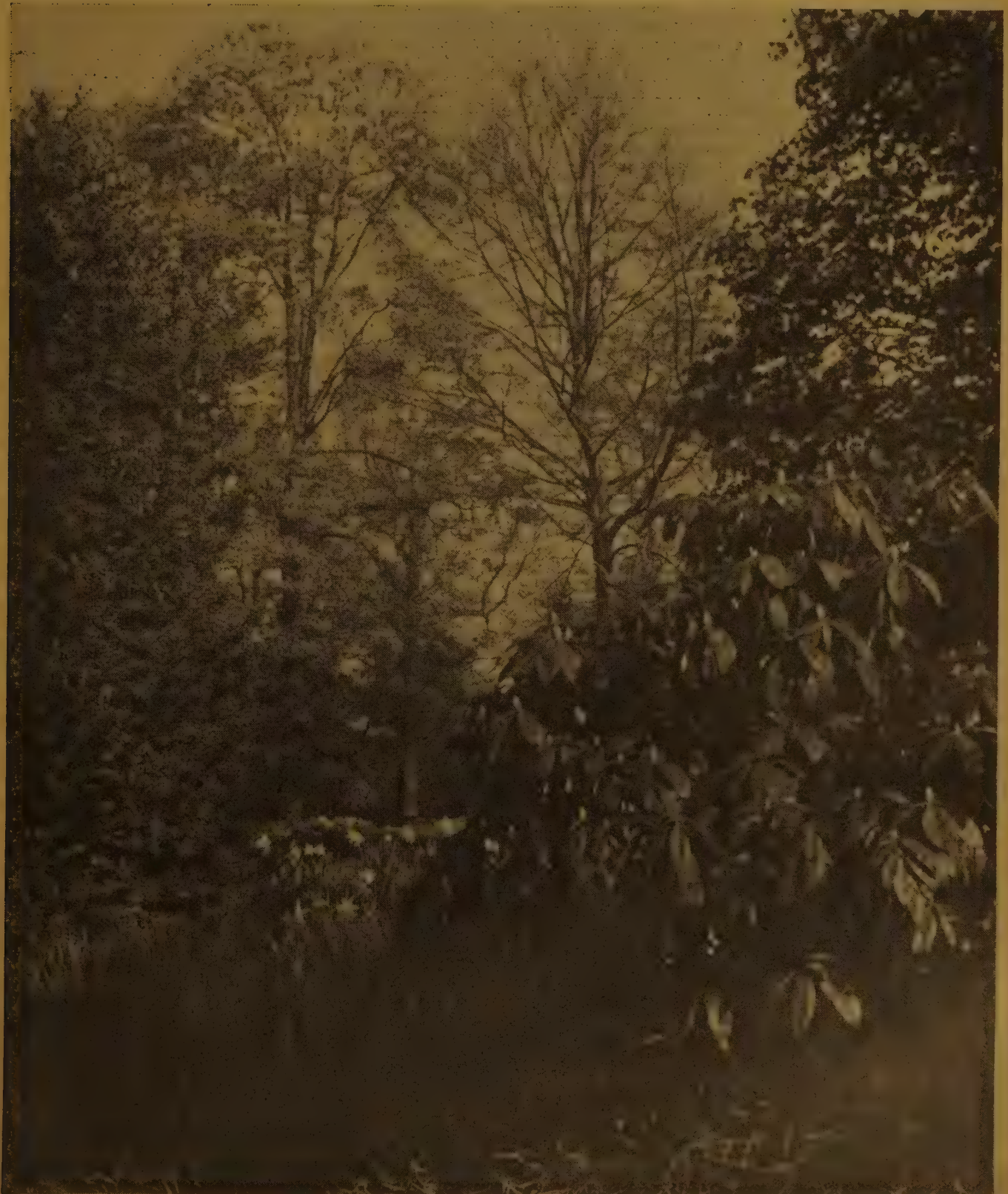
He was too much occupied with administration all his life to produce the books which he could otherwise have written. But he might have been a great mathematician, philosopher or theologian. His Bampton Lectures, given in 1884, showed a profound knowledge of the evolutionary sciences and their bearing on religion, and as early in his life as 1857 he had uttered this remarkable prediction of what has since come to

pass, 'Our theology has been cast in the scholastic mode, *i.e.*, all based on logic. We are in need of and we are gradually being forced into a theology based on psychology. The transition, I fear, will not be without much pain; but nothing can prevent it'.

We can see now that he made some mistakes at Fulham and at Lambeth, but they were the mistakes of an exceedingly able, transparently honest and, for all his independence, an exquisitely humble man. Let the final summary be in the

words of one of his London Suffragans—'he never attempted brilliancy, but thoroughness; he thought more of conscience than of genius; he was deaf to the praise or blame of the world; different from all others in the absolute absence of anything approaching to vanity, self-seeking, show or littleness; a man of very deep spiritual life. I never heard him say an unkind thing of anyone. I never heard him—and for a long while we were very closely associated—speak of himself or his work. "I" and "my" were words almost absent from his conversation'.

Daffodil Glade in Surrey



Photograph: A. D. Pochin

Economics in a Changing World

Planning a New Social System

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

FOR certain purposes of my own I had the curiosity some ten days ago to read up again the agenda for the World Economic Conference. What a shock it gives one to remember that it was barely nine months ago that this vast Conference was opened by His Majesty the King, and it sat down to discuss an agenda in which occurred these words: 'In essence the necessary programme is one of economic disarmament. The London Conference must provide the treaty of peace. Failure in this critical undertaking threatens a world-wide diffusion of ideals of national self-sufficiency which go unmistakably athwart the lines of economic development. Such a choice would shake the whole system of international finance to its foundations: Standards of living would be lowered and the whole social system as we know it, could hardly survive. The responsibility of governments is clear and inescapable'.

These were grave words. But, you will remember, after seven weeks of uneasy discussion the Conference reached a state in which—and here I cannot forbear to quote the infinitely delicate words of one of the Soviet delegates, M. Maisky: 'The Conference has become deeply penetrated by one fundamental aim . . . adjournment'. It still stands adjourned and it may be that at that Conference was sung the requiem of international trade as it has been known to man during the last hundred years.

An Economic Paradox

As an immediate 'consequence of the failure of that great gathering—a failure of course made inevitable by the fact that President Roosevelt felt that it was impossible for him to co-operate in the international monetary field—was the retreat by the nations into the deepest parts of their economic zarebas, whence they have been hurling quotas and restrictions at each other, not always aware, perhaps, that some of these weapons, like the boomerang, return to the thrower. But paradoxically though it may seem, this development of economic nationalism—as it must be described when looked at from a world point of view—has had the consequence of stimulating economic co-operation within the several parts of the world system. This is a very important point, and I would ask your patience whilst I elaborate it. There are no signs at present of any substantial relaxation of the restrictions to world trade—if we think of world trade as meaning freedom of goods and men, for do not forget that emigration, the export of men's bodies, has been restricted even more than has been the export of the goods they make. On the contrary, the free, fluid movement of goods and men is being still further restricted, but if we put on blinkers and shut off from our view sections of the world so as to concentrate our gaze on particular areas, we see a very different story. Inside the political boundaries of nations, I care not where you go, whether it be to the United States or to Mexico, to Russia or to Turkey, or even to China, or whether you come back to France and Germany or Great Britain, or go overseas to the Dominions of Australia and Canada—in all these places you will find symptoms of a vigorous co-operation between the several parts of the national economic system, a process in which the government always plays some role. Peoples of very different national characters live in the places I have mentioned, and therefore you will find great differences of detail in the application of this principle. But the fundamental idea is the same. It is the signal collapse of free trade in the great society of man which has compelled humanity to take steps locally to pull together and eliminate wasteful competition.

Establishing Trade Contacts Within Political Groups

The one word 'planning' expresses what these many peoples are trying to do, and they are doing it within limited frameworks because economic policies will be as transient as writing on the sand if they are not carried out upon a foundation of political security. The political insecurity of international society is in itself an almost insuperable obstacle to the immediate restoration of universal economic co-operation, which would be expressed by such events as a resumption of international lending, or stabilisation of the principal exchanges.

You will remember that the experts in that agenda of the World Economic Conference which I quoted suggested that, unless the Conference succeeded, disasters would come upon us so that the social system as we knew it could hardly survive. That was only nine months ago, and though it is true that we are all—and particularly those of us who live in Great Britain—basking in the first rays of what seems to be the rising sun of recovery, it is very early days to shout that we are out of the

wood. He would be a very daring prophet who would venture to say how far this recovery can go unless there is a revival of international trade in the widest sense of the word. And it is precisely because of this uneasy feeling that, even given all the marvels of modern science, there will not be so great an opportunity for the ordinary man to eat, let us say, bananas if they are grown in England—as indeed they have been—it is because of this that all these peoples, whose primary activities at the moment are directed towards internal reorganisation, are also throwing out feelers across political frontiers to see whether they can make trade agreements and special arrangements of that nature. And you will notice that these tentative buildups up again of external trade, are confined, when possible, to contacts between peoples within the same political orbit. I cannot give you details of these here, but I want to draw your attention to one case which illustrates both the subjects which I have referred to above.

It was not entirely by accident that a fortnight ago I took you for a little trip round the Empire parliaments and then drew your attention to the similarity of the economic problems which had been discussed in those legislative assemblies. I did this because I try to give some kind of continuity to this series of talks, and I have an instinct that inter-Imperial economic questions are at the present moment in a singularly interesting state of development. Have you noticed the beginnings of the growth of Central Banks throughout the Empire? Perhaps you have forgotten that immediately after that World Economic Conference last year there was a pronouncement on Imperial monetary policy. It is true that document was so carefully worded that it might have meant anything, or nothing very much. But that is the way of documents relating to great constitutional issues in our Empire. If you doubt me, cast an eye over the Statute of Westminster. I mentioned the point about the growth of Central Banks throughout the Empire because the existence of such institutions is almost a *sine qua non* for a co-ordinated monetary policy. In fact, although here I am afraid I am getting rather technical, the British Commonwealth of Nations, certainly the Australian and New Zealand part of it, is already using a sterling exchange standard, and so, for that matter, are South Africa and the Irish Free State. This means that the reserve of the Central Banks in these countries consists in part of sterling assets.

Co-operation Within the Empire

Turning now for a moment to the other subject I mentioned, you will find the growth of internal co-operation very active in all parts of the British Commonwealth. The Canadian government has introduced the National Products Marketing Bill into the Federal Parliament. It is a very comprehensive piece of legislation which applies to all primary products, except those from the mines, more or less the same principles which the Marketing Acts in Great Britain apply to certain branches of our agriculture; that is to say it is proposed that the branches of primary production should set up boards, through which the majority of the producers of any commodity will be able to control the conditions under which the commodity is sold. It is, in fact, one of the many examples of which so many are being tried out in different parts of the world today, of introducing law and order into the business of production and marketing which, when governed solely by competition, can be literally and correctly described as working under anarchical conditions.

From Melbourne comes news that the Agricultural Departments of the Australian States have been in conference at Hobart in order to consider the effects of the new British agricultural policy with regard to Australian agricultural exports. And finally, for I would not like you to think that the Mother Country is backward in this matter, or even that our planning activities are confined to the schemes of Mr. Elliot, I hope you noticed the extraordinarily interesting announcement made by Sir Henry Betterton, Minister of Labour, to the effect that if both the employers' and the workers' organisations in the manufacturing sections of the cotton industry desire it, the Government is prepared to introduce legislation to give legal effect to voluntary agreements on rates of wages and conditions of work. If that experimental Bill should be asked for and become law, it will be one of the most significant social economic developments of these changing times.

The social system as we know it could hardly survive—said the experts. No social system as it is known by its contemporaries ever does survive. We call that change Progress. When 'Progress' runs away with the men it is supposed to serve, they call that phenomenon by the word 'Crisis'.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

Japan's Debt to China

Reading the interesting and informative article by Mr. Patrick Young in THE LISTENER of April 4, concluding the excellent series on the Far East, I was glad to see the reference to the fact that Japan had received most of her culture from China, as this is not generally known. During the fifth, six and seventh centuries Chinese civilisation was introduced into Japan, reaching its highest point in the T'ang dynasty (A.D. 618—905). The influence of Chinese ideas permeated every part of the Japanese fabric, remodelling local and communal government, reorganising economic and social systems, and laid the foundations of art, education and law. The introduction of Chinese ideographs into Japan is supposed to have taken place in the fifth century, the Japanese having no written language of their own. In the eighth century the Japanese elaborated a written language of their own, consisting of two different scripts, the characters of which were adapted from Chinese hieroglyphics.

The future and magnitude of British trade with China will depend largely on co-operation and partnership with the Chinese as well as the political stability of the Republic. This question has been ably dealt with by Mr. Patrick Young in his 'Notes on the Chinese Situation', published at the end of *The Capital Question in China*, by Mr. Lionel Curtis, a work deserving the careful study of all interested in Far Eastern matters.

Saltdean

J. P. DONOVAN

Was Columbus a 'Charlatan'?

Attempts to defame great figures of history have included now Queen Isabella of Spain and Christopher Columbus, and I wish to submit that the presentations of their characters in the broadcast play, 'A Magnificent Charlatan' are historically incorrect, and are but travesties of the 'Queen of Queens' and the heroic navigator.

There are other errors in the play. The dramatist states that a certain dreadful disease was introduced into Europe by Columbus' men. Its first name, *Morbus Gallicus*, shows clearly where the men of that time thought it originated. In any case, the disease is mentioned in writing before the return of Columbus. Prescott remarks, 'Searching and judicious criticism has established beyond a doubt that the disease, far from originating in the New World, was never known there till introduced by Europeans'.

The dramatist also states that the Jews paid for the fitting-out of the explorer's ships. Surely Columbus should receive some recognition, for he, helped by one of his captains, Pinzon, contributed a sixth of the total cost of 1,167,542 maravedis (in our money a little over £4,500) of the first expedition. The remainder was a contribution from the revenues of Aragon. Incidentally the town of Palos furnished two of his three ships.

There must be, of course, some imagination in every historical play, but to turn history topsy-turvy is surely a literary crime. The dramatist, alas! cannot make a correct allusion to the Third Order of St. Francis. He also offends against good taste, *vide* the repulsive imaginative episode of the women on the ships.

Will you allow the admitted expert of the nineteenth century on this period of Spanish history to speak for the navigator?

His conduct habitually displayed the utmost solicitude for the interests of his followers. He expended almost his last maravedi in restoring his unfortunate crew to their native land. His dealings were regulated by the nicest principles of honour and justice. His last communication to the Sovereigns from the Indies remonstrated against the use of violent measures to extract gold from the natives as a thing equally scandalous and impolitic. . . . There are some men in whom rare virtues have been closely allied, if not to positive vice, to degrading weakness. Columbus' character presented no such humiliating incongruity'. (W. H. Prescott, *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, p. 622: New and Revised Edition).

As for Queen Isabella, Prescott writes a chapter on her 'most truly great' magnanimous character. In order to give a

little insight to her character may she speak for herself, in her well-known instructions to Columbus before he set out on the second voyage? Referring to the natives she instructed Columbus 'to abstain from all means of annoyance, to treat them well and lovingly, maintaining a familiar intercourse with them, rendering them all the kind offices in his power, distributing presents of the merchandise and various commodities which their Highnesses had caused to be embarked on board the fleet for that purpose; and finally to chastise, in the most exemplary manner, all who should offer the natives the slightest molestation'.

The above is a very different picture from that painted by the dramatist who calls his play 'a true chronicle'.

Westcott

F. W. G. CLINTON

Church and State in Spain Today

No doubt by a mental association with an earlier age of Spanish history the writer of the caption underneath an illustration depicting Jesuit priests bearing provisions across the frontier (in THE LISTENER, dated April 4) speaks of their 'expulsion' from Spain.

In the interests of accuracy I should like to make it clear—as I said in my talk—that by the terms of the present Constitution the Order has been *disbanded*, but there is nothing about expulsion in the Law regulating the Congregations and Religious Orders. As, in company with the other Orders, the Jesuits are forbidden to teach or engage in commerce, the additional penalty of disbandment has meant in practice that many of them have left the country. But as many of them are still in Spain, your illustration may have given a misleading impression.

Savile Club

W. HORSFALL CARTER

Mr. Horsfall Carter seems to me to be wrong in assuming that the Lerroux Cabinet in the overtures it is making toward the Church has brought about the present instability in the politics of Spain. The cause goes deeper.

The last Cortes, which was a Cortes Constituyentes, was elected at a time when the parties of the Right were broken and dejected by the sudden collapse of the Monarchy, and the ruthless severity with which a series of royalist attempts were suppressed and the confiscations and imprisonment of all who were supposed to have favoured them, together with many acts of Communist violence. Consequently the Constitution voted in a Cortes in which the Right was scarcely represented, and which was Socialistic and anti-clerical to an extent that in no way corresponded with the real wishes of the people. The Agrarian Laws and the Estatuta of Catalonia were as much disliked by many Spaniards as was its Church policy.

Now that the new Cortes, which was elected under the fairest system that Spain has ever known, in spite of the undoubted pressure used by the Church and of a certain amount of violence and intimidation used by the Left, has resulted in a Cortes with a strong party on the Right and a weak Centre and still weaker Left, there is a strong desire on the Right to change the Constitution. This can only be done by a dissolution and a new Cortes Constituyentes being elected. Thus the Right gives only day-to-day support to the Lerroux Cabinet, apparently awaiting till it thinks the time ready for a dissolution. The Left also wants a dissolution, for it views with horror the idea that for the next four years its opponents should have in their hands the fortunes of the Republic, which, to use their own term, they made. However skilful Lerroux is, under these circumstances it does not seem his Cabinet can have a long life.

The real problem will come with the next elections—the Left has not scrupled to say that it is prepared to use violence to obtain the power which it seems probable that the votes at the poll would not give it. The Right seems to be preparing to meet this violence by counter violence, and if so there can be but one end, a dictatorship either Fascist or Communist.

If the parties of the Right would say straight out that they are in favour of the Republic, which they have so far failed to do, and then come in and help Lerroux and form part of his Cabinet, and work by gradualness for the reforms they want, this would seem the best solution; for then Spain would have a

strong Government with the backing of the great majority of the nation; but unfortunately this consolidation is not in harmony with Spanish politics, which have not altered greatly because a Monarchy has become a Republic. However, if any one can accomplish it, it will be the experienced and astute Lerroux who knows his Spain well.

Barcelona

C. H. D. GRIMES

Whither Britain?

May I, through Mr. Elliot's blue grey haze of tobacco smoke and mental fog, correct those of his misstatements which concern myself?

I did not say, and do not believe, that there are wars in which I want to fight: but I did say that there was something to be said for fighting to protect or enrich your own people. With that statement, I do not think Mr. Elliot would disagree. Again, I did not speak of an International Police Force which I am 'so anxious to establish'. I suggested that if Mr. Elliot and his friends allow the profit-making, anti-social elements to force this country into war 'some of us may be compelled' to establish a force designed to enforce on all who affect public policy the same standard of disinterested patriotism which we expect from Civil Servants. Such a force would be international and revolutionary, and I do not think that Mr. Elliot would be likely to be a member of it. Mr. Elliot is obviously thinking of a League of Nations Army which would be at present merely one more customer for armaments.

Adding to this misunderstanding, Mr. Elliot says: 'We know that in practice it means that we have to go and do the fighting in the Police Force while Mr. Roberts and his friends go round the country while the policing is on, explaining that this is not at all what they meant, and run us down as fire-eating police-forcers after it stops'. In the first place, I am likely to be of military age and Mr. Elliot is not. In the second, those who are members, by birth or adoption, of the governing class in the belligerent countries, will certainly not leave commonsense objectors like myself at liberty. And finally I do not need to wait for such a day to say that 'that is not what I meant'.

In the redoubled platitude which Mr. Elliot quotes from Mr. Bernays—'Use of force is the use of force and entails the consequence of the use of force'—it does indeed, though a tautology proves nothing, even when reinforced by an affirmation of the principle of causality, and formally blessed by a Minister of Agriculture. Mr. Elliot's emotional interpretation of Mr. Bernays seems to be this: anyone who objects to some uses of force ought to object to all. Similarly, I presume anyone who dislikes rotten apples should dislike all apples. I submit that the use of force is justified for a given community when it is likely to benefit the majority of that community; and that modern war is not likely to benefit the European community. Further, I suggest that Mr. Elliot is not quite consistent when he ridicules this belief, for it is plainly his own. Neither I, nor any of the people on whose immediate behalf I was, I think, invited to speak, had had any opportunity of addressing listeners in 'the last five years'. We cannot, therefore, have been guilty of the 'flapdoodle' of which Mr. Elliot speaks.

Perhaps Mr. Elliot is thinking of information such as this, which I quote from the *New Republic* of March 7:

The Skoda works, a great arms factory in Czechoslovakia, is controlled through a holding company by members of the Comité des Forges, which is the trade association of the big French armaments makers. Through the Skoda works, the Comité des Forges is said to have contributed generously to Hitler's campaign funds—the statement has been made on excellent authority, and Hitler once stormed out of a court-room rather than deny it. But at the same time, through the Paris newspapers that it controls, the Comité des Forges was raging against Hitler, was calling on France to increase its armaments in the face of this new danger, was suggesting the immediate necessity of a 'defensive' war.

If that and the similar and more detailed statements in the pamphlets issued by the Union of Democratic Control are false, then it is the business of the European governments to correct them: if they are true, then it is the pseudo-patriotic talk of those governments which is 'flapdoodle'.

London, W. 1

MICHAEL ROBERTS

Commonsense and the Child

The perusal of your articles on 'Commonsense and the Child' has made me wonder how many of your listeners—young married people—will shrink still more from the responsibility of parenthood, after reading the elaborate directions about diet, exercise, etc. May I plead for a return to nature's way, and give my own experience?

Married in the 'eighties, I had nine children in eighteen years. All were brought up on the breast alone—some for nine or ten months, some for twelve or sixteen. All slept in my bed, and had feeds when they wanted them. All grew up healthy and straight-limbed, active and intelligent; all are still my joy and comfort, for which I daily thank God. They did not escape the ordinary ills and accidents of childhood—one had severe whooping cough at a year old, and her life, said the doctor, was saved because she was unweaned, and the breast at night kept her free from the cough.

I led a very busy and active life, with a busy husband to look after, social duties and the care of a large household. But I look back today on the years of nursing my babies with a fuller realisation of all they meant for me, delightful memories, and the close bonds which those years have created for me and my children for all time. I know all this is in defiance of modern baby-training—and that few, if any, mothers of my own class would be permitted to do as I did: thereby they are great losers. Among working-class mothers circumstances oblige them to follow the simpler way, and they, too, have their reward—as I continually see at the Welfare Centre in which I have worked for years.

Banbury

M. F. S.

The Negro in Art Today

I have been roused to write this letter by seeing the reproduction of Seth Boapea's very beautiful drawing at the head of Miss Margery Perham's talk in your issue of March 28. I had the privilege of teaching Seth Boapea for three years. I watched him at work day by day, beginning and ending drawings with that easy grace and assurance that compels any teacher to realise that he has genius under his care. I well remember him, a quaint little person with a giggle, and more than a touch of indolence in his bones. Other of his works may be seen as illustrations to Rattray's *Akan-Ashanti Folk-tales* (Oxford University Press). And he was by no means the only one! There were perhaps ten others in the same school who were his equal, and scores of others who had high talent and devotion. I have now been teaching English boys for five years and, with all my efforts and experience, I cannot get such results here. I can only conclude that, man for man, the Negro is our superior in the arts today.

Late Art Master,

G. A. STEVENS

Achimota College, Gold Coast

The Painter and his Pictures

Mr. Porteus, in his article on the exhibitions of paintings by Unit One at the Mayor Gallery and of 'Objective Abstractions' at the Zwemmer Gallery, seems to have missed the real significance of the latter and presents what might be a misleading idea of the aims of the artists concerned by mistaking the application of the word 'objective' in their title. By selecting Mr. Hitchens and Mr. Pasmore as the 'most objective', Mr. Porteus shows that he regards the word as bearing reference to the subject-matter, to the material objects which provided the original stimulus, the starting point, of those pictures, whereas the artists themselves are obviously using the word 'objective' as a qualification of the attitude of the painter to the picture he is painting, not of his attitude to the 'objects', if any, that he paints. This is, I think, made clear, even if one did not know beforehand, by the accounts of their methods which the painters at the Zwemmer Gallery have given in the catalogue to which Mr. Porteus refers. In this sense Mr. Tibble and Mr. Moynihan are just as 'objective' as the others.

This means that the painting is to be regarded as having from the first touch that right to exist independently of the painter himself on which later it will have to depend for any significance it may have, when it leaves his hands, when no reference to the painter's personal inclinations, his aims, or the objects by which his effort was conditioned, is any longer possible. Consequently, according to these painters, the artist should rule out, in favour of the purely pictorial demands which the picture itself makes, any personal preferences or preconceptions of what the picture should look like when finished, and any claims of the subject-matter, when any of these are in conflict with the first. He should let the picture grow beneath his brush as though from the start it had a life of its own ready to unfold, its development only partially amenable to the painter's control, rather than impose rigidly on the canvas before him a construction which has been previously perfected in his mind.

Judging from the very interesting account of his methods given by Mr. Ben Nicholson (and quoted by Mr. Porteus), it would seem that his attitude to his paintings approaches more

nearly to that of the Zwemmer Gallery group than of those members of Unit One, whose interest is in making mathematical constructions or symbolical harmonies and then fitting them into the picture-space.

Canterbury

WILLIAM TOWNSEND

Mr. Hugh Gordon Porteus says 'it seemed hardly worth while to do again what the old masters had already done superlatively well'. May I suggest that the representational examples illustrated are but disordered versions of what has already been done superlatively well; and that the non-representational examples are weak echoes of mediæval work, but lacking their sincerity?

By all means let our artists seize every opportunity of acquiring 'possible extensions of human sensibility'; but not by plagiarisms and exploitation of primitive art. Indeed, the *Book of Kells* should prove a gold mine to some of the most unpromising of the moderns extolled by your contributor!

Malton

A. W. CARTER

The Best English

Since the question of pure English has been raised in 'Week by Week', perhaps I shall not be considered presumptuous for submitting the opinion of a provincial. Every day I undergo the refined torture of listening to a particular brand of southern English known as B.B.C. English, in which frequently occur words pronounced roughly as follows: Ne-ehntional Preh-oogremme, maaine disaastah, weat queh-ootah. 'Marked distinctiveness and clarity of sounds' is hardly a feature of this particular accent. That it is pure, unadulterated English is not true, for dictionaries tell one that the 'h' in 'wheat' ought to be aspirated, that 'grass' ought not to be pronounced 'graas', and that 'man' and 'men' contain quite dissimilar vowel-sounds. In these and in many other points the standard wireless pronunciation errs. It is, in fact, a dialect.

Now, if southerners like listening to their own cockney or Oxford or Bedfordshire dialect, let them by all means. But is it quite fair that the people of Cornwall, Scotland, Lancashire, etc. should have their homes invaded by it, whether it please them or no? That a number of educated persons in the North speak a good English that is entirely different from B.B.C. English I can testify. Why not either (a) broadcast alternately in various dialects, including braed Scots, Zummerzet, cockney, broad Yorkshire, Oxford 'varsity, etc., or (b) allow regional stations to use their own ancient and historic dialects occasionally, or (c) define a standard English which shall have bias neither for South nor North? The last alternative would be a stiff task, but perhaps worth it. It is possible to speak good English without indicating one's place of origin. But alas, broadcasters do not as a rule succeed!

Formby

BRIAN PRICE-HEYWOOD

Inquiry into the Unknown

One of your correspondents is concerned about the problems of precognition and free-will. Free-will is concerned chiefly not with the shaping of one's actions but with the colouring of one's reactions and the building up of desires. There seems to be quite sufficient evidence that the broad pattern of one's earthly life is fixed before one enters upon it. What matters is not the pattern, but the way in which we go through our particular pattern of events. Time is the instrument for the shaping of new desires and the destruction of old desires. What we truly love, that we become, as Plato says. As undeveloped individuals we lack that spiritual liberty which alone can fit us for a true citizenship in the Kingdom of God. Or, as the Abbé Maritain puts it, 'As individuals the stars rule us; as personalities we rule the stars'.

The time we now experience in our waking minds is hardly more real than the time we experience in dreams when it is possible to live through a whole day of dream time in a few seconds of ordinary time. Seventy years of ordinary time may prove to be but a momentary phantasy when we reach the level of the eternal order, but that momentary phantasy will have incorporated something or destroyed something within our spiritual being. Mystical experience supports this hypothesis. In that experience, time and space do not exist. They are completely swallowed up in something infinitely greater, the eternal Charity, to enjoy which we must first learn not to enjoy anything less. Thus one can conclude with von Hügel's greatest saying that 'Suffering is the only real service we can offer to God', precisely because it is only by suffering that wrong ideals can be rooted up and the right ones planted firmly in.

Bicester

EDGAR G. DAVIES

Fire-Eating and Fire-Walking

In Hone's *Table Book*, dated 1838, we find a most interesting account: 'The secret of fire-eating was made public by a servant to one Richardson, an Englishman, who showed it in France about the year 1667, and was the first performer of the kind that ever appeared in Europe. It consists only in rubbing the hands, and thoroughly washing the mouth, lips, tongue, teeth, and other parts that are to touch the fire, with pure spirit of sulphur. This burns and cauterises the epidermis, or upper skin, till it becomes as hard as thick leather, and every time the experiment is tried it becomes easier than before. This preparation may be rendered much stronger and more efficacious, by mixing equal quantities of spirit of sulphur, sal ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and juice of onions'.

My author further adds, that any person who is possessed of this secret may safely walk over burning coals, or red-hot ploughshares; and he fortifies his assertion by the example of blacksmiths and forgers, many of whom acquire such a degree of callosity, by often handling hot things, that they will carry a glowing bar of iron in their naked hands, without hurt.

Gillingham

L. HOPKINS

Merits of the Well-Filled Cradle

In your issue of April 4 Miss Cicely Hamilton gives a very interesting account of the strenuous efforts which are being made in Germany, France and Italy to arrest the fall in the birth-rate in those countries. The question therefore naturally arises why we are doing nothing in Great Britain to check the immense fall in the birth-rate in this country, which rate is far below that of Italy and lower even than that of France or Germany. In Great Britain the population is now not reproducing itself, and the fall is greatest in the best stocks. With a decreasing and aged population how shall we compete in future, whether in peace or in war, with nations blessed with millions of vigorous young men and women?

Stroud

P. E. PERCIVAL

From Tolpuddle to T.U.C.

(Continued from page 641)

they were men who had broken a law wilfully for some illegal purpose, but because Melbourne knew that it would be easier to break the spirit of the starving and ill-used men in these villages than those living in towns or combined in some large industry. These men were punished, that is, for their courage and spirit in trying to introduce trade unionism under the most difficult and discouraging conditions. They therefore deserve all the honour that is being paid today to their memory.

If what I have been suggesting to you is true, it is not only trade unionists for whom their history has an interest. For as citizens we are all concerned with the development of the trade unions which these men tried to help. If you compare our history and circumstances with those of other countries you would agree that parliamentary government is a distinctive feature of our society. It is British in origin and it works better here than in most countries. Now on what does parliamentary government depend? It depends on two things: discussion and representation. Now it is obvious that in providing these essential elements of a society governed by parliament, trade unions have played an indispensable part. A trade union may act wisely or foolishly, selfishly or unselfishly, but it is a school of discussion where men learn to talk out their differences. To the outside world the organisations of employers and trade unionists may often seem stupid and shortsighted, but at any rate they have to listen to each other's point of view. This is the essence of parliamentary government. Parliamentary government has been losing ground very fast in the world during the last ten years. To some pessimists it looks as if Great Britain may soon find herself what she seemed to Wordsworth during the triumphs of Napoleon, 'this last spot of earth where freedom now stands single in her only sanctuary'.

A Greek philosopher was once reproached for going down on his knees to ask a favour from a tyrant. The fault is not mine, he answered, but that of Dionysus, who has his ears in his feet. A great deal can be done by tyranny for any society that will put up with rulers who have their ears in their feet. Perhaps the celebration of the memory of these trade union martyrs will remind the impatient spirits of our day that the British temperament is better suited to a different kind of rule, the rule described by Bacon as the just and lawful sovereignty over men's understanding.

Books and Authors

Modern Miracles

A New Argument for God and Survival. By Malcolm Grant. Faber. 12s. 6d.

MR. GRANT IS PERSUADED that we are all enclosed in a vast system of orthodoxy, that we are paralysed by the dogmas of science and left in the lurch by theologians. But he is confident that he is able, if not to set us free, at any rate to help us to be properly reasonable; that he is able to bring us back, not to faith and to the knowledge of God, but to the certainty of His existence and to a rational expectation of survival. Mr. Grant does not attempt to play the role of a prophet; he claims no peculiar illumination or experience; he is neither mystic nor spiritualist. All he claims to have done is to have observed certain neglected facts of modern human experience, and to have been driven to the conclusion that they are explicable only as divine interventions, in fact, as real, proper, unmistakable—miracles. Mr. Grant is acutely aware that this is all very shocking; but he sticks to his guns for 432 good-sized pages, and fires away in all directions, now at scientists, now at theologians, now at spiritualists, now at Christian Scientists, and then finally at the Dean of St. Paul's and the general public.

The situation by which Mr. Grant is so profoundly moved is the strange paradox that though we have 'lost our old standards', though a religious point of view is hard to come by, and though we are bound to recognise the threat of intellectual and spiritual chaos; yet there remain all the while an unexplored line of thought and a body of data that have been shirked both by scientists and by the defenders of religion. The data that Mr. Grant finds to have been as yet unexplored or, at least, unexplained are those provided by occult phenomena of all kinds, by ghosts, faith-healing, hypnotism, ectoplasm, spiritualism, and so on and so forth.

Have the modern scientific agnostics ever faced up fairly and squarely to these odd facts in modern human experience—odd, not merely because they are 'queer and unexpected', but because they are out of harmony with accepted theories of the material world? Have the theologians ever seriously set to work to unravel their significance? Have the spiritualists themselves ever explained the complete triviality of their most extraordinary so-called revelations? These are the questions that have caused the writing of this book.

But Mr. Grant is not at all content with formulating questions. He has reached quite definite conclusions concerning the real significance of occult phenomena. Not for one moment will he allow either that they are the result of hallucination or that they can be ranged within some general natural law hitherto undiscovered. Scientists have failed to provide any satisfactory explanation of them, simply because, short of an acceptance of miracles, occult phenomena are unexplainable. It is, however, the failure of the scientists that constitutes their real success, for their failure makes room for the true explanation of occult phenomena as interventions by the direct action of God. This is Mr. Grant's first conclusion. But all is not yet plain sailing; for why, if they are proper miracles, should they be, on the whole, so trivial and so misleading? Here Mr. Grant is confronted both by theologians and by those who take occult phenomena as important communications from another world. Theologians treat miracles seriously only when they have something to teach about the nature of God, spiritualists only because they have information to give about another world. For Mr. Grant both are altogether wrong. Occult phenomena are to him just miracles; they possess no meaning, they contain no revelation of truth; they have no communication to offer. Occult phenomena are simply manifestations of the omnipotence of God. Then emerges Mr. Grant's second conclusion. There is no such thing as infallible revelation. There is merely solid, unescapable proof of the existence of God and of His omnipotence.

But the book has been written not only to provide what the author regards as a certain proof of the existence of God, but also to prove the survival of human personality. To achieve the latter he has to face about and recover a meaning in occult phenomena beyond the mere existence of an omnipotent God. He, therefore, falls back on supernatural communications as representing truth, the truth, in fact, of survival, and so he claims to have re-established true religion, and to have saved those who agree with him from intellectual and spiritual chaos.

What are we to say about the book? It is, of course, very good fun, in spite of its length. But there is more in it than the delight at seeing everybody put in their proper place; and there is more in it than a mere insistence that there is a department of human experience about which we know exceedingly little. It is difficult to think that very many readers will be convinced that Mr. Grant has provided a 'solution to the problem of supernatural events' (this is the book's sub-title), or that either the existence of God or of human survival has been proved in such a manner that faith has now been rendered altogether unnecessary, or that, even if such proof were watertight, true religion would be much benefited thereby. But, when all is said and done, at the end of the book, when he comes to speak of experience, not as infallible revelation, but as representing truth, he is moving to the place where modern theology is standing and observing, far more patiently and steadily than Mr. Grant seems to be at all aware of.

EDWYN C. HOSKYNs

A most efficient survey of the growth of modern transport is given in *A Hundred Years of Inland Transport* (Duckworth, 15s.), by C. E. R. Sherrington, of the Railway Research Service. About half the book is taken up with the history of railways in England, the remaining chapters dealing with the tramway, the bicycle, the motor vehicle, and electrification. In a volume of this sort, severe compression is inevitable, and unfortunately the multitude of different transport enterprises and experiments that sprang up during the nineteenth century threaten to involve the historian in a tangle of detail concerning legislation and business organisation. Mr. Sherrington, however, has done his best to keep 'the human element' alive throughout his book, and has largely succeeded in combining lucidity with interest—no mean feat in dealing with a subject of this sort.

At Flock Mass

To V.B.

I only knew her as a spouse
Whose match with me enlarged my herd;
— A wife well mated to the house,
So mild in movement, soft in word
That who would heed her in the room
At hearth or needle, bread or broom?

But yesterday at Galway sports,
In a drinking tent, a man told me
Of beauties handled in Spanish ports;
'Yet crosseyed would they seem', said he,
'Near one outside, whose look cowed mine
And she demurely sipping wine.

Have you not seen her? O, her mouth:
A bud, maybe—the flower's hint;
Unfathomed wells from nights of drought
Have filled her eyes; and what a dint
Between each snowy breast, each limb—
As if a neat breeze moulded them'.

And so I listened till he said,
'O there she is'. Then, on my life,
I thought the drink had turned his head
To throw such beauty on my wife!
But here, by hell, I see it's true—
Just look at her trip to her pew!

She genuflects; and our new priest
Looks—only to falter in the Mass;
Even the altar boy has ceased
And his responses now, alas,
Are not 'amen'—but towards the door
He seems to sigh: a *stoir*, a *stoir**.

F. R. HIGGINS

*Gaelic: 'my treasure'

them with Filipinos from the plains you are handing over control to the traditional enemies of the hillman.

The Philippines present a miniature parallel to India where we are faced with similar problems. There is even racial identity, for the headhunter is of the same blood as the hill races of Burma, whose comeliness he shares. Just as the Backward Tracts in India have no part in the Nationalist politician's world, so the Philippine hillman dreads the westernised plainsman, and just as the White Paper limits the Reform Scheme to the more advanced areas (and they are sufficiently vast), so, when the United States handed over to a Filipino parliament, she reserved the hills for the Governor-General himself. Of the eleven million souls in the Philippines, one million are backward races. Some of them are Moros (Muhammadans), but many are pagans, and it was among a quarter million of the latter, occupying a 6,000 ft. hill country larger than Wales, that the authors (who are members of the Research Staff of the Institute of Pacific Relations) spent five months compiling this masterly survey. The introduction is by Theodore Roosevelt, former Governor-General of the Philippines.

Les Visages de la Danse. By André Levinson

Paris: Grasset. 50 francs

Dancing and the ballet are very much in the melting-pot just now. For economic and other reasons, we are unlikely to see again, at least for a time, sumptuous, highly organised affairs on a big scale like Diaghilev's pre-War ballets, which, one would then have sworn, had come to stay. As was pointed out in this paper last year (July 12, 1933) the new styles of choreography and dancing are still in their experimental, tentative stages. Their vocabulary is evolved to a certain extent, but not so their syntax. The great problem is that a new technique has to be evolved on the basis of the old tradition, and that most choreographers either innovate in ignorance or defiance of this necessary basis, or turn in circles without ever innovating. At a moment when the immediate future of an art in which our time shows so great an interest is so uncertain, it is instructive to read what a well-informed specialist such as the late André Levinson had to say on the recent evolutions of the ballet and of dancing generally.

He was a firm believer in tradition so far as it implied definition of purpose and technical excellence. His ideals were: Pavlova, 'in whom we saw the miraculous co-operation of a style and a temperament', of virtuosity and inspiration; Nijinsky; Lifar; the 'Igor' dances by Fokin, 'a perfect example of choreographic truth, unity and balance', and also his 'Petrushka'—now, alas! a thing of the past. Believing that in ballet, dancing should be supreme, he regrets that Diaghilev, at times, should have inclined to sacrifice it to symphony and settings, thus turning the ballet into a 'composite show'. He considers that the great merit of the Monte Carlo ballets was that they restored dancing to its true place—the foremost. He has no patience with technical shortcomings. Nijinska's too rigid, lifeless methods are contrasted with Nemchinova's 'splendidly artistic and logical' production of Tchaikovsky's 'The Swan Lake' (Paris, 1928). He speaks severely of the 'chaotic extemporisations, and cold-blooded paroxysms' of Mary Wigmann and Rudolf von Laban. Their pupils, he adds, have seen the danger and are seeking to link up with tradition. But for Jooss he has no good word: 'only for a short while', he says, 'did the exceptional effectiveness of "The Green Table" keep our attention away from the inane amateurishness of his methods.'

However harsh some of his verdicts may be found, there is no denying that in principle he is right: the new dancing will come to its own when there is as much traditional technique behind it as there is behind the most startling ventures of Matisse or Picasso, or of Schönberg or Bartók. The book has many useful illustrations.

Poems. By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by J. B. Leishmann. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Leishmann has translated thirty-five of Rilke's shorter poems, selected at random from the three volumes of poems in the complete German edition of his works. It is to be hoped that this selection is merely a morsel to whet the public appetite for a complete translation, and some assurance of their future plans from the publishers would have been welcome. Rilke is far too important a poet to be treated in a piecemeal and muddled fashion; and since he is still a copyright poet, the responsibility once assumed by an English publisher is absolute. If a more complete plan of translation is under consideration, the

principles on which it is conducted should be given a very careful preliminary consideration. It should be evident, for example, that a poet in one language can only be translated by a fellow poet in another language; and since few poets have the time and opportunity to translate the complete works of a poet like Rilke, some plan and division of the work might be devised. Ideally, the translation of poetry should present on the same opening of the book three stages: the verses in the original language, a literal translation, and a poetic paraphrase. Mr. Leishmann gives only his poetic paraphrase, and since he attempts to adhere to the metrical structure of the originals, it is inevitable that many distortions should result. Rilke, as all good poets, is very precise in his diction. But English is a more precise language than German, and in attempting to stretch English to a German measure, Mr. Leishmann has sacrificed this essential quality in Rilke's verse. An example will make this quite clear: 'Vor dem Sommerregen', one of the best sonnets from *Neue Gedichte*, ends with these lines:

*Des Saales Wände sind
mit ihren Bildern von uns fortgetreten,
als dürften sie nicht hören, was wir sagen.*

*Es spiegeln die verblichenen Tapeten
das ungewisse Licht von Nachmittagen,
in denen man sich fürchtete als Kind.*

Mr. Leishmann translates them as:

*The panelled walls that never smiled
Step back with their pictures, gravely recollecting
They must not overhear us; the festoons*

*In the faded carpets faithfully reflecting
The strange uncertain light of afternoons
In which you felt such terror as a child.*

The meaning of the last line is uncertainly conveyed; 'panelled' is not justified, and 'carpets' is a mistranslation for 'tapestries'; but apart from these faults, the words italicised in the translation are not present at all in the original; they are merely introduced to provide rhymes with the last three lines. They give an air of absurdity to a subtle but directly stated image, and they defeat the most precious quality of Rilke's verse—its beautiful economy. This kind of perversion is common to most translations, and Mr. Leishmann is driven to it by the method he has adopted. But for the complete translation of Rilke, which ought to be undertaken, it is very desirable that other methods should be adopted.

Cecil Rhodes: by his Architect. By Sir Herbert Baker Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

It is easy to sympathise with the motives that must have prompted Sir Herbert Baker to write *Cecil Rhodes: by his Architect*. For it is a generous tribute to a friend and benefactor, and does credit to the author's feelings. Himself essentially an architect on a large scale, Sir Herbert has a ready understanding of the bold and massive build of his hero, and a large measure of patience for that hero's own impatience of what is not simple and direct. Boldly choosing the time when, as he himself says, a man's reputation is most at a disadvantage, he makes his architectural association with Rhodes a peg on which to hang many reflections upon his life and worth. The duality of aim—personal reminiscence combined with biographical re-estimation—almost necessarily gives an air of discontinuity to the book. And beyond doubt the earlier chapters, in which the author's reminiscences prevail, greatly exceed the remainder in interest. A single-minded, direct and sturdy personality emerges with great clearness from the stories of Rhodes' association with his young architect. How he sent the student to observe the great buildings of the ancient world; how he swept away the imported, machine-made fittings that his architect had admitted, and insisted on honest local craftsmanship; how his natural taste led him to share none of Merriman's genteel itch for a Tudor sham—it all makes good reading and helps to build up a picture of a man of force and character. There is also something as engaging in the architect's excursus into biography as in the Empire-builder's divagations into domestic architecture, one modestly and the other boldly venturing on an 'Art alien to the Artist's'. Perhaps, if anything, Sir Herbert is almost too literary: quotations, parallels and allusions are liberally sprinkled over the later chapters, where the matter has less of the touch of directness, and deals with subjects less specifically within the architect's province. Perhaps a background of consecutive story would have been a help here. It may be safe to take a working knowledge of South African history for granted, but

Effective English

No. 2

April 18th, 1934

For Ambitious
Men and Women

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By a WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR

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the author's comments, trenchant in themselves, would have more effect if they were attached to a framework of connected narrative. Many readers have short memories and are grateful for a little help towards the sorting of events and personalities in time and space. Sir Herbert Baker knows as well as anyone that there is another side to many of these questions of colonial policy; but very naturally his own history gives him an eye for what is solid and permanent in the work of a man of action. The book is handsomely produced and its illustrations admirably suggest the clear air of the Cape and the dignity of its colonial architecture, in both of which subject and author alike found their inspiration.

The Estates of Crowland Abbey. By F. M. Page
Cambridge University Press. 21s.

This volume is a welcome addition to our knowledge of social life in an England very far removed from modern Britain, yet none the less mother to that which we see around us. In an age when 90 per cent. of our population was agricultural, the daily life in manor or village was of supreme importance; and upon this Dr. Page has cast a light which is fresh, if not at any point revolutionary in its novelty. The occasion was splendid, and she has made fine use of it. By the generosity of Queens' College, Cambridge, she has studied intensively the 96 great parchment rolls, stretching irregularly over 270 years, which that foundation had inherited from Crowland; and, in illustration of these, a considerable body of MS. and printed sources. The result is a study which will be of great value for future historians either of monastic economy or of English village life.

Professor Clapham, in his introduction, singles out the points most interesting to students of administration, of economics, and of agricultural progress. In the present brief notice we may

confine ourselves to the more intimate social relations of rich and poor; for very rich the monks were in their corporate capacity, even where, as in some cases, they followed their Rule strictly in its prohibition of personal possessions.

In 1086, the Domesday survey shows 328 heads of households, of whom 17 were slaves. Before 1272 slavery proper had disappeared; but the majority of the population were then (and for a great deal longer) bondfolk, serfs. Yet, though they were more or less strictly bound to their lord, he also was bound to them; and Miss Page has shown, more clearly perhaps than any predecessor, the mediæval substitutes for poor-law upon well-ordered manors; for great monasteries were, on the whole, the best landlords (pages 108 ff). She sums up: 'The system, in contradistinction to indiscriminate charity, made a strong attempt to remove the root cause of poverty and establish the poor man in a position of partial independence'. It is topical to note that, on these Crowland manors, while the weaker labourer was granted a small proportion of his inherited holding as 'dower', 'the condition was that he should forfeit the dower if he should marry, this being perhaps an attempt to discourage the growth of an ineffective pauper population'. It is interesting, again, to see that the manorial reeve was once a woman (75) and to note instances of kindly landlordism on the abbot's part (50, 153). On the other hand, we find a society somewhat primitive in its indiscipline: 'Bloodshed and violence of a mild description were the most common methods of settling disputes out of court' (140). Bribes had constantly to be given to the King's officers; and it was upon the bondfolk that this burden mainly fell (61-2, 227). The bondsman's status was a matter of social reproach (134-5). There are five admirable illustrations, a map of the estates, nearly 200 pages of texts and abstracts from the rolls, and an excellent index. Miss Page is to be congratulated on this solid contribution to the history of civilisation.

William Morris

William Morris: Selected Writings. Edited by G. D. H. Cole. Nonesuch Press. 8s. 6d.

William Morris. By Paul Bloomfield. Arthur Barker. 10s.

BEFORE WE MEDITATE with the centenary books and their sorting out of what one of a group accomplished, let us wonder at that group; Ruskin, Abbot of the senses; Rossetti, 'great Italian Prince', as Whistler called him; Burne-Jones, a Merlin from Camelot; Morris, Singer and Skald, designer and maker in so many derelict crafts, and would-be Samson among the 'dark, satanic mills', brighter since his time, but bigger, more numerous and more dehumanising; beside them also women, beautiful and strange, and not least Jane Burden, a 'Burden of the Valley of Vision', and an *absence* at tea and garden-parties. Let us, if we can, recover the piercing happiness of their eyes in a daily world as if new-created, and among the ancients of art, and the angry ache, as of exiles, in the dismal present of our towns, their maltreated past, and the decaying countryside.

Then let us resent for them that their time was so short. Methuselah seems to have made little of his thousand years beyond begetting Lamech. Ruskin and Morris had so much to do, and a hundred years would have been little to do it in. Ruskin was just shaping a more serviceable voice and should have lived to edit his own profusion; Morris was not quite out of the wood, the enchanted mediæval thicket. It is so hard to begin again when a tradition has been snapped, like a severed artery or broken stem, all the pushing, creative sap of it stopped and dried. Look at the furniture the group produced. The chairs Ruskin had made for himself were a sorrow to see; the bedroom set, at South Kensington, by Philip Webb was like something fumbled in the dark, heavily uncouth, and in the rest of his attempts exhibited there only one little cane-seated chair was right. For Morris, with his teeming imagination, picking up the strands was not the difficulty, much more the clearing-up. In poetry, which was not dead, he could pick up from the 'Belle Dame sans Merci', the 'Eve of St. Mark' and the 'Palace of Art'. The problem for him was how much he might dare to reintroduce into contemporary speech of old words and locutions which should never have been allowed to drop. 'Belike', for example, how useful, almost necessary a word, yet resisting use, because it sounds obsolete and affected to the modern ear! So with the crafts. Wall-papers, curtains and carpets, having still an everyday existence, could be picked up and transformed. On the figurative arts of glass, tapestry and illustration, blight lay heavier, re-creation called for a more radical

effort, and the initial flicker of life went dead, as production multiplied, in the hands of Burne-Jones. In printing, his last venture, Morris, as ever, explored materials and methods, paper, ink, punch-cutting, and the unsurpassed design of the original types; but he wilfully brought back the thicker, gothic lettering and pages crowded with pattern: it was left to his companion in the study, Emery Walker, to lead the way to something near perfection, which the fanatics of sans-serif are now submerging.

Yet how far he reached, here and there, with his single brain and pair of hands; the solitary picture, the carpet for 'Clouds', the bird and verdure hangings, and the poems, early and late, made by way of accompaniment to other work, as another man might hum or whistle.

Mr. Cole gives us one man's choice of the literature, or not exactly that. He would fain have included the 'Sigurd', along with the propagandist lectures and verses, as the essential Morris. He has made concession to other tastes, and even so the letterpress is uncomfortably minute in an otherwise comely little volume. He has severely 'fenced the tables' to use the Presbyterian phrase for a pre-communion address, with an ably written introduction, which should be digested after the book has been read, and supplemented with the pages given to Morris by a critic both sensitive and just, Professor Elton in his *Survey of English Literature* (1830-1880).

Mr. Bloomfield has, for the occasion, made down from the prime sources a compendious account of Morris's career. It is better done than its air of jaunty intimacy might at first tempt the reader to expect. Those who remember Morris lecturing as far back as the end of the 'seventies will recall the plaintive note in his voice that contrasted with his Viking frame. Mr. Bloomfield traces the emergence from that conflicting strain of the Morris who declared impatiently that 'poetry was tommy-rot'. There are other memorable sayings quoted, such as, 'By romantic I mean looking as if there was something going on'. There is a memorable saying also of Pusey's in support of Acland's fight for the Museum at Oxford:

Under the guidance of a man of Acland's disposition and character the hidden laws of the natural world might be studied without danger by the Oxford undergraduates.

D. S. MACCOLL

New Novels

And Quiet Flows the Don. By Michael Sholokhov. Translated by Stephen Garry. Putnam. 7s. 6d.
Men of Good Will—Book III. By Jules Romains. Translated by Warre B. Wells. Lovat Dickson. 7s. 6d.
Company Parade. By Storm Jameson. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

ALL the above three novels contain a great number of characters and cover a wide scene; and all are also in a sense political: they are concerned not so much with what is called human life (an almost obsolete phrase) as with society and its economic structure. The last two try to give an imaginative picture of that structure; the first shows one form of society passing over into another amid the horrors of war and revolution. M. Romains' book is the third volume of an unspecified number which are finally intended to provide a collective impression of modern life; Miss Jameson's is the first of five or six, 'in which', she says, 'an attempt, necessarily incomplete, is made to depict the contemporary scene'. To depict the contemporary scene or describe modern society in all its ramifications requires encyclopædic knowledge, an unusual mobility of imagination, and a power to grasp at every turn the unity implicit in the variety of material dealt with; and it presupposes the possession of an attitude to society which is grounded in the last resort on a conception of human existence in general. It requires finally an enormous creative endowment. Mr. Sholokhov possesses hardly one of these qualities; in reality he is an old-fashioned novelist telling an exciting story about war and revolution. M. Romains has great knowledge and remarkable mobility of imagination, and his criticism of society is founded on a philosophy which is entitled to respect; but one feels that his creative power is sometimes less than the task requires. Miss Jameson is a writer of considerable sympathy and experience, with a quick and warm but not always discriminating imagination; her criticism of society is dictated chiefly by feeling, which is always sincere, and so has its rights; her creative powers are uncertain; but there is one character in her novel, that of the heroine, which gives a far deeper sense of reality than any in the other books. The real truth about most of the characters in these three novels is that, in spite of the skill lavished upon them, we do not care very much what happens to them. M. Romains does manage to interest us in his characters, or more precisely in the workings of their minds; even to interest us intensely. He knows so much about the emotions that he fascinates us. But we feel that his characters are put where they are from a sense of duty to his scheme, and that they have not sprung alive from his imagination. One feels much the same about the majority of Miss Jameson's characters. In *War and Peace* Tolstoy created a whole society by the sheer expansive force of his imagination. To M. Romains and Miss Jameson, on the other hand, society is, to begin with, an empty scene, and their task is to animate it with representative figures, which they plant here and there in informative attitudes. Imagination becomes an aid in this task, instead of being the original inspiration. The result may often be interesting, but it is always a cross between an imaginative picture and a sociological survey. That is a type of novel which is becoming more and more common; it is not one which can rise to the supreme heights of creative imagination; but it can have a considerable educational effect on its readers.

And Quiet Flows the Don is not really this kind of novel. It is the work of a young revolutionary writer; it is also extremely and charmingly old-fashioned. The author is perfectly honest in his description of the horrors of the Revolution and the civil war which followed it; he does not paint the Bolsheviks as plaster saints or their opponents as perverts and fiends. The book is a sort of revolutionary best-seller, but an unusually honest one. The story deals with the life of the Don Cossacks, and is divided into four parts entitled: Peace, War, Revolution and Civil War. The first of these, describing the pastoral life of the Cossacks in the years before the War, is full of rude poetry, and the evocation of natural scenes is extremely vivid. In the next section the cruelties of war are portrayed without morbid exaggeration, plainly and effectively. With violent passion and violent action the author seems to be perfectly at home. But except for these and the natural life of the senses he seems to know nothing about human nature; and one becomes conscious, the longer one reads the book (and it is very long), of an enormous blank. The violence becomes monotonous, the natural appetites of the characters merely expected. The effect

obviously aimed at is largeness, which may explain the inordinate length of the book; but a large effect can be produced in relatively small compass, as the Icelandic sagas show. There are some admirably vivid scenes in the story, but the characters are too plain in outline and too like one another to arouse any great anxiety about their fate.

It is a great relief to turn to M. Romains, where one can also find violent passion and the life of the senses, but where everything of really profound interest lies between the two. The most charming part of this third book (and second English volume) of *Men of Good Will* is its exquisite evocation of the feelings of youth. The dreams and thoughts of the two young students, Jerphanion and Jallez, are recreated with the most delicate skill, and the episode has the same lightness and perfection as the description of the boy with his hoop in the first volume. When he writes of youth and childhood M. Romains is surely unsurpassed by any other living author. The sinister figure of Quinette reappears very effectively. We are introduced to George Allory, the fashionable novelist and critic, eaten up with envy and disappointment: a very skilful portrait. Jaurés is brought in, somewhat unconvincingly; it seems extraordinarily difficult for a novelist to draw a good historical portrait; one of Scott's great merits was that he did succeed in that. But even the disappointments in the book are interesting; for in every scene we feel the fascination of M. Romains' rich, various, subtle and comprehensively human mind. It interests us even more than the story; we wait almost with suspense to see what response it will make to every theme it seizes upon, and the result is generally both surprising and illuminating. In one respect the plan of the book brilliantly justifies itself: it gives M. Romains an opportunity to exercise his mind on the widest variety of subjects, both intimate and general. However we may judge it, it is a unique performance, filled with sensitive observation and imagination, and subtle and far-reaching thought. Both the publisher and the translator deserve gratitude for undertaking a task so extensive and so well worth doing. The third volume is to appear shortly.

In *Company Parade* Miss Jameson claims to do little more than introduce the cast of her contemporary drama. Perhaps, therefore, some of the objections that might be made against her characters will disappear in the course of the succeeding volumes. Only two of them, Hervey Russell and her husband Penn, come to active life in the present book. That may be either because they have the chief parts, or because they are conceived less politically, less as properties of the scene which it is the author's intention to depict than the others. They have, in any case, a different kind of reality, more intimate and human. The description of Penn's infidelity and its effects on Hervey is extraordinarily truthful; and Hervey herself is portrayed with the utmost honesty and thoroughness. But except for Ridley, the pushing young writer from the provinces—an immensely vigorous portrait—the rest give the impression of well-constructed lay figures. Miss Jameson's warm imagination plays round them and occasionally manages to vivify them; but she seems to be less interested in them than in the state of society of which they are the product: she pities them and not their grief. In a book which obviously sets out as much to describe society with all its cruel injustices as the people who live in it, that is not wholly a fault; the lesson is probably all the clearer for the lack of human complications in the examples. But though it may be clearer, it is not so finally convincing as it might have been if the author had given to all her characters the reality of the two chief ones, and consented to make them less definitely functions of society. The honesty with which she has attacked her theme is beyond praise, and she applies it equally to the most intimate feelings of her heroine and the social problems with which she deals. It is this that gives the book its value.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Swallows*, by Elizabeth Montgomery (Heinemann); *The Deacon*, by Alun Llewellyn (Bell); *Holy Deadlock*, by A. P. Herbert (Methuen)—all 7s. 6d.; and *Semi-Precious Stones*, by A. I. Voinova (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.).